Saturday Review

MAY 2, 1959 / 25¢

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Prof. Alfred C. B. Lovell, of Jodrell Bank, U.K. uses radio telescope (above) to track time backward

(SEE SCIENCE)

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

CAN SCIENCE PROVE WHEN TIME BEGAN?

THE WEST COAST: A REGION WITH A VIEW

By Wallace St

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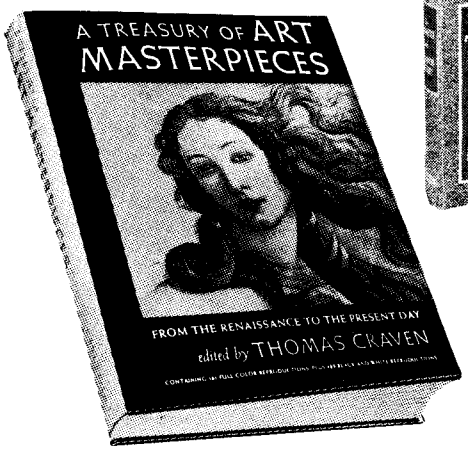

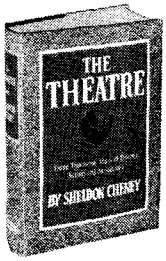

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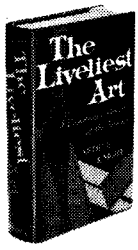

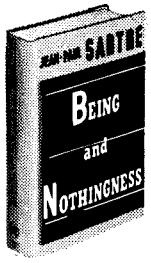

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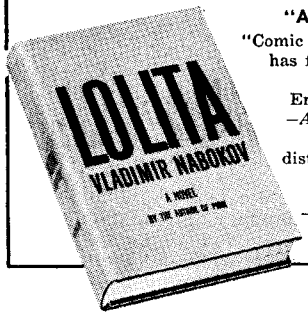

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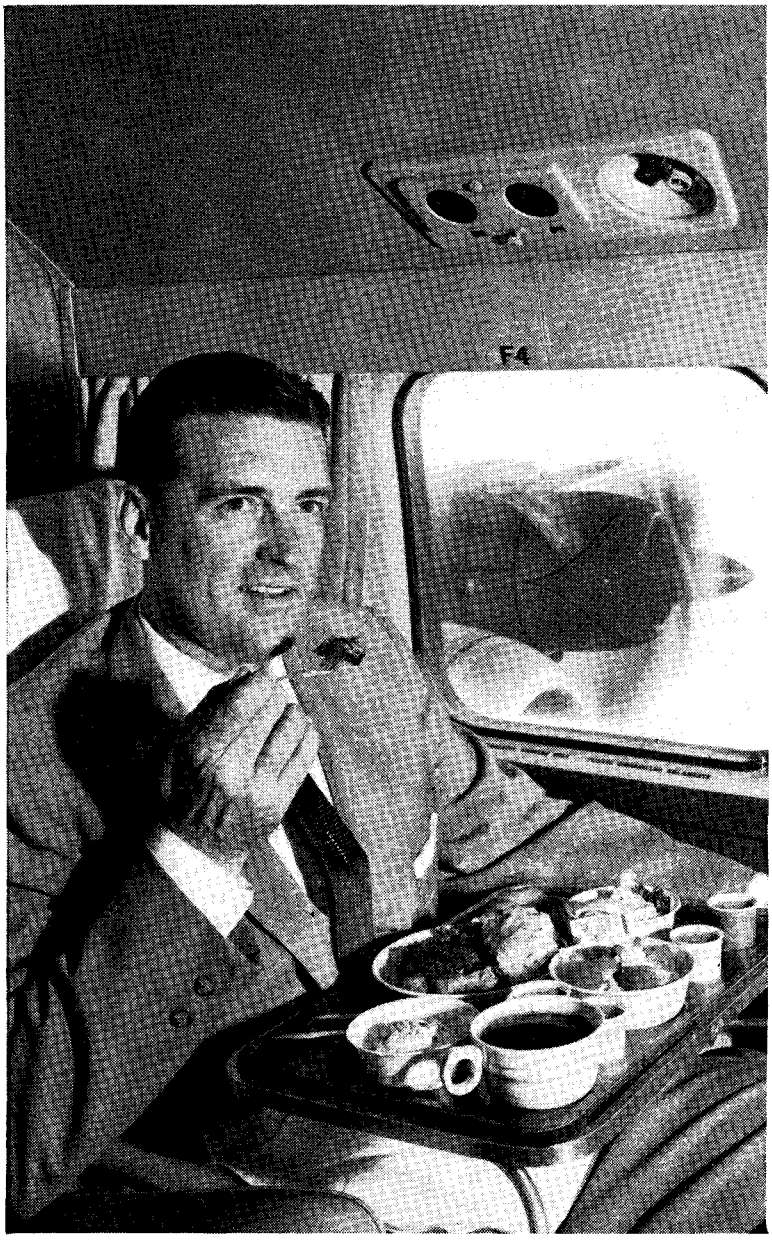
Man who "never uses" the railroads



The food he's eating . . .
The airplane he's riding in . . .
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The woman who reads dictionaries

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FRANCES WINWAR, famous American biographer whose most recent book is *The Haunted Palace: A Life of Edgar Allan Poe*, says:

"ALTHOUGH I have a considerable collection of dictionaries ranging from mammoth tomes to small, portable volumes, *Webster's New World Dictionary* is now the only dictionary on my desk. When I first obtained a copy, I immediately looked up a number of test words. In every case, although the words ranged from the colloquial to the esoteric, I found the definitions clear, concise, and accurate. I have been particularly impressed by the accuracy of information in the historical, biographical, and place references, and the subject of pronunciation is expertly handled."

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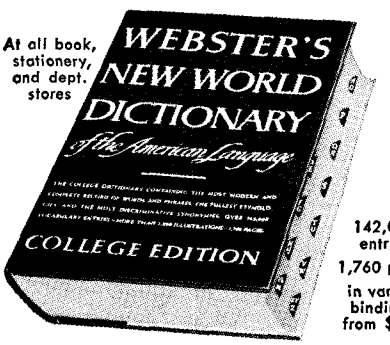

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TRADE Winds

JUST WHEN WE were beginning to despair about England having all the Angry Young Men, and this country having none, along comes John Braine to tell us that there are absolutely no such things.

"It's a ridiculous myth," he told us

recently at Sardi's, sipping a bourbon and soda in preference to his native scotch. "There are none, never will be any. It's some press agent's dream—and press agents always have to have an angle. I am hereby naming them the Hungry Young Journalists."

Braine, in fact, was anything but angry. His "Room at the Top" already has established him as a novelist of stature, and the motion picture made from it puts him in the position where he has only to worry about taxes.

ON THE OTHER HAND, we are finding lots of people angry about things here in the States.

Charley Denhard, the lean and angry book-advertising man, has a lot to complain about in television.

"Isn't there *somebody* among the networks, sponsors, or agencies with an ear for decent enunciation?" he writes. "What about the girl who urges us to use Twenny Mule Team Borax for heavy doody laundry? She sweetens a smelly dish rag by saying 'Lemme show you.' The audomadic washer boy stands uncorrected. Did you hear that Beddy Crocker's flour bakes bedder cake? New York Ciddy.

"All right, I'll stop. But meantime, here's to brisker tea, crisper beer, and blunder cigars."

He concludes his note: "Very druhly yours."

BUT CHARLEY DENHARD ISN'T the only one who is angry. At the Yale Club squash courts, Stanley Flink was muttering incoherently about people who don't understand how difficult live television is to produce—and the networks who fall all over themselves making it tough to get things done because of red tape. But he mumbles about this most coherently in his new first novel "But Will They Get It in Des Moines?" (Simon & Schuster), just reaching the stalls about this time. Its background is suspiciously close to NBC's late night sh "America After Dark," which pr ceded Jack Paar. Flink worked as writer-producer on this, and is st alive to talk about it.

IN THE MEANTIME, Charles Van Dore is angry about the present state the modest intellectual.

"The man who uses a big word no has to be more embarrassed than the man who doesn't understand it," he said at a recent luncheon at the Top of the Sixes.

At the same luncheon, Harold Taylor, president of Sarah Lawrence, looks on in anger at the plight of the individual versus the group. Quoting one of his students, he said: "Man accepts the belief of others to drown the loneliness of his own convictions."

VANCE PACKARD is probably a little angry at himself because he had to turn to field research to discover the best title for his new book. "The Hidden Persuaders" blasted market research, yet Packard tested the title of his new book "The Status Seekers" with audiences in various parts of the country every time he lectured.

THOSE BOSTON CENSORS are bound to be angry at two recent news items: D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover" will be published in unexpurgated form for the first time in this country on May 4, by Grove Press. Meantime, the Customs Bureau

has decided to permit the importation of Henry Miller's long-banned "Tropic of Cancer"—but for literary or scholarly purposes only.

MARY RANK, WHOSE novel "A Dream of Falling" is coming out in early May, apparently is a little angry at husbands. Answering a routine question in publicity director Anne Ford's questionnaire, "In your opinion, what special markets does the book have?" wrote Mrs. Rank: "It should be of special interest to women who might like to murder their husbands; there must be many."

AT THE DELEGATE'S LOUNGE of the United Nations, a charming Icelander named

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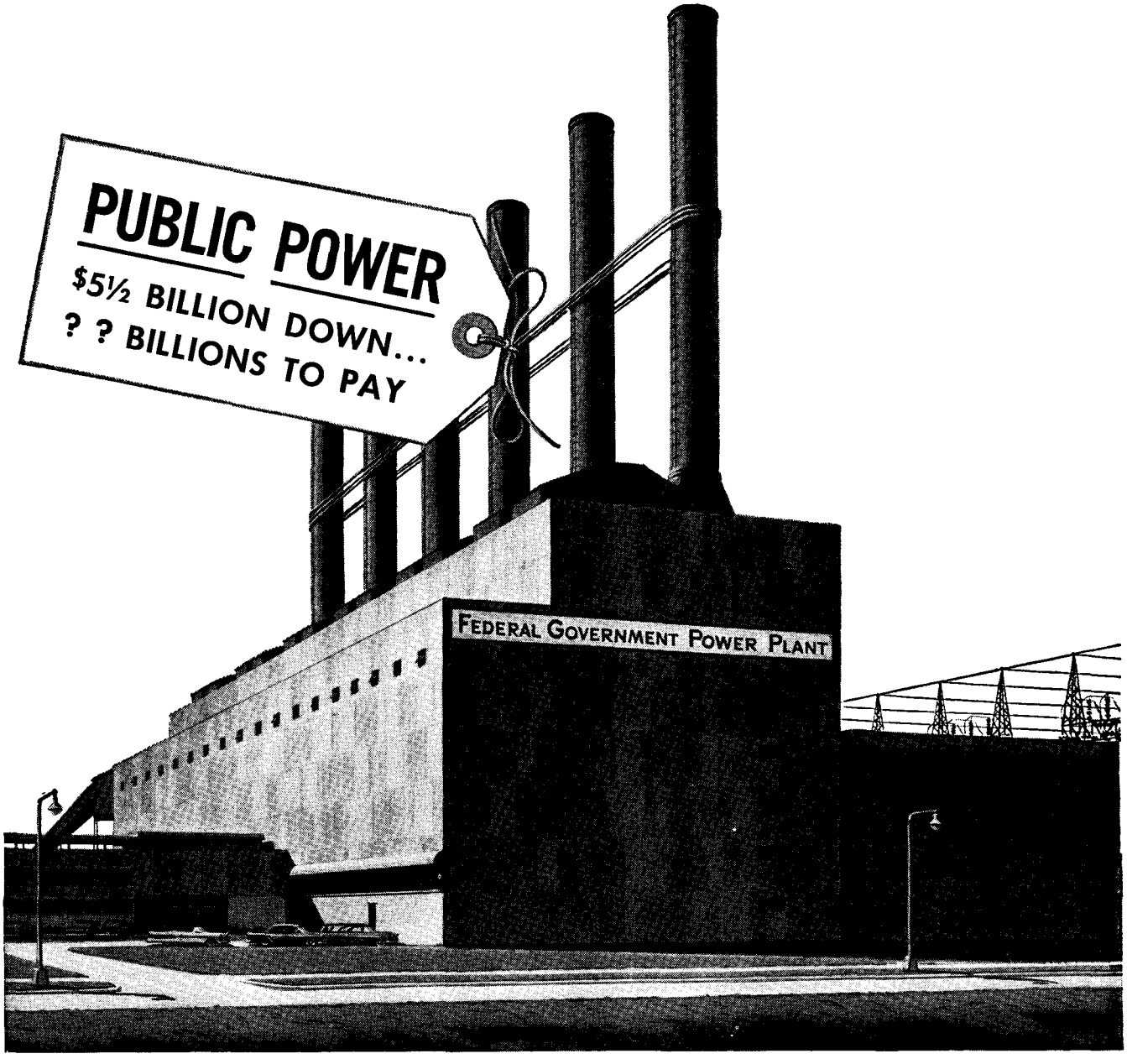

Is the U.S. buying socialism on the installment plan?

There's clear evidence that socialism is being sold to Americans on time.

So-called "public power" has already put 1/5th of the country's electric generating capacity into the federal government's hands. And the taxpayers have footed the bill—to a total of $5,500,000,000.

But this is only a down payment according to the plans of the lobbyists for federal government "public power." They are pressing for an *additional* $10,000,000,000—almost twice as much more.

And from any economic point of view, this multi-billion-dollar spending is unnecessary. For the country's hundreds of *independent* electric light and power companies are ready to provide amply for America's growing power needs—and *without* depending on taxes.

Federal "public power" can go on spending and spending largely because people don't realize they're paying for it—and don't see the socialistic implications.

But it can be stopped—by informed and understanding people. Will *you* help spread the word?

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies

Company names on request through this magazine

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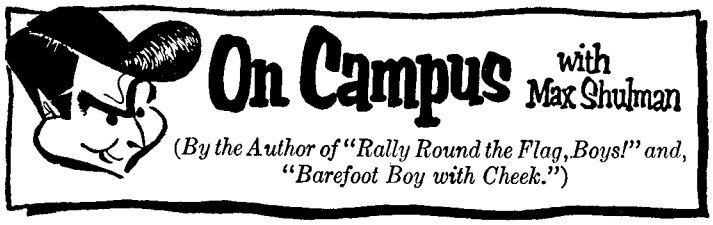


ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL SCIENCE: NO. 3

Today, ranging again into the fascinating world of social science, let us take up the subject of anthropology—the study of man and his origins.

The origin of man was indeed a puzzle until the Frenchman, Jean-Louis Sigafoos, discovered the skull and shinbone of Pithecanthropus Erectus in Java in 1891. What Sigafoos was doing in Java is, incidentally, quite an odd little story. Sigafoos was a Parisian born and bred. By day one could always find him at a sidewalk cafe, sipping barley water and ogling the girls; each night he went to a fashionable casino where he gambled heavily at roulette and go-fish; in between times he worked on his stamp collection, which was one of the largest in Paris.

Well sir, one summer Sigafoos lost his entire fortune gambling at the casino. He was seriously contemplating suicide when quite unexpectedly, a letter arrived from one Lotus Petal McGinnis, a Javanese girl and an avid stamp collector, with whom Sigafoos had been corresponding from time to time through the international stamp collectors journal. Until now the nature of their correspondence, though friendly, had been strictly philatelic, but in this new letter Lotus Petal declared that although she had never laid eyes on Sigafoos, she loved him and wanted to marry him. She said she was eighteen years old, beautiful and docile, and her father, the richest man in the tribe, had agreed to give half his fortune to the husband of her choice. Sigafoos, penniless and desperate, immediately booked passage for Java.

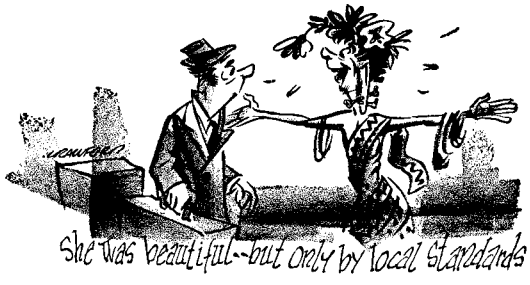
The first sight of his prospective bride failed to delight Sigafoos. She was, as she said, beautiful—but only by local standards. Sigafoos had serious doubts that her pointed scarlet teeth and the chicken bones hanging from her ears would be considered chic along the Champs Elysees.

But sobering as was the sight of Lotus Petal, Sigafoos had an even greater disappointment coming when he met her father. The old gentleman was, as Lotus Petal claimed, the richest man in the tribe, but, unfortunately, the medium of exchange in his tribe was prune pits.

Sigafoos took one look at the mound of prune pits which was his dowry, gnashed his teeth, and stomped off into the jungle, swearing vilely and kicking at whatever lay in his path. Stomping thus, swearing thus, kicking thus, Sigafoos kicked over a heap of old bones which—what do you know!—turned out to be Pithecanthropus Erectus!

But I digress. From the brutish Pithecanthropus, man evolved slowly upward in intellect. By the Middle Paleolithic period man had invented the leash, which was a remarkable technical achievement, but frankly not particularly useful until the Mesolithic period when man invented the dog.

In the Neolithic period came the most important discovery in the history of man—the discovery of agriculture. Why is this so important? Because, good friends, without agriculture there would be no tobacco, and without tobacco there would be no Marlboro, and without Marlboro you would be without the finest filter cigarette that money can buy, and I would be without a job.



That's why.

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* * *

Without tobacco you would also be without Marlboro's sister cigarette, Philip Morris, a non-filter smoke that can't be beat. Philip Morris or Marlboro—pick your pleasure.

Christine Bjorns was angry at t fact that Icelandic literature is r recognized enough.

"I'm not sure of my figures," s said, "but I think we have the highe percentage of readers per capita, ar the sagas, written by lonely aristo crats by candle and whale oil lamp are genuine classics. The Vikings ha a bitter sense of humor, you knov That's why they called barren Green land green—and the more fertile Ice land by its name.

"There is one trouble, though. Th theatre in Iceland at present is doin little more than imitating Broadway I'm not at all sure this is progress!'

JOHN MASTERS ISN'T particularly angry, but he's very much absorbed in the vast, sweeping influences of American GIs in the Old World. He examines this problem cogently in his new novel "Fandango Rock," a story of Americans in Spain.

"It's almost unbelievable," he told us, "how strongly the American customs are taking hold abroad, especially among the younger generation. Cokes, pop music, jazz, rock 'n' roll, blue jeans, Madison Avenue—all these things are destroying native customs and mores, and causing a severe split between the old and young generations. It's a clear and relentless trend, in some ways regrettable; in many ways, good."

JOHN SACK, nibbling on a veal cutlet at the Purple Tree, was angry about people who refuse to Americanize foreign names and places. And it's not from his lack of knowledge: his new and delightful book, "Report from

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 828

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 828 will be found in the next issue.

NGCK PA G NPBDEK

NHHF LQHO G

ARPNWPOZ QEGWK.

—KCPET FPBDPOAHO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 827

I don't translate my own convenience into other people's duties.

—ELIOT.

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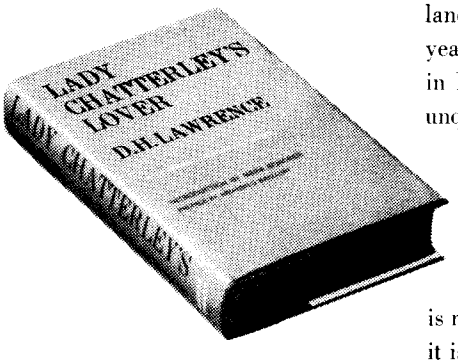
A LITERARY EVENT OF MAJOR IMPORTANCE

The first complete American edition of LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER *by D.H. Lawrence*



Introduction by MARK SCHORER Preface by ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

NOW, AFTER 31 YEARS, one of the great classics of English literature is at last available to American readers in its original, complete and authorized form.

Since *Lady Chatterley's Lover* first appeared in 1928, there has never been an unexpurgated edition, either in England or in America. In the intervening years, the book has become a landmark in English literature. It is a novel of unquestioned integrity, a masterpiece of modern writing which has been withheld too long from the reading public.

EDMUND WILSON: "This is more than the story of a love affair: it is a parable of postwar England. D. H. Lawrence is indestructible; censored, exiled, denounced, snubbed, he still possesses more vitality than almost anyone else. And this book is one of his most vigorous and brilliant."

JACQUES BARZUN: "I have no hesitation in saying that I do not consider Lawrence's novel pornographic. Its aim is that of all his works: artistic, moral, and indeed inspired by a passion to reform our culture in ways that he thought would produce greater harmony, happiness, and decency."

HARVEY BREIT: "The language and the incidents are deeply moving and very beautiful...The aims of the novel are lofty and spiritual . . . because Lawrence was concerned with one end: to reveal how love can be most touching and beautiful, but only if it is uninhibited."

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH: "The book as expurgated is suggestive. The book as written is forthright and unashamed and honest. The purpose of this book is manifestly pure: pure as being the high purpose of a serious artist; pure as being the cleansing purpose of a social reformer who hates lechery and sexual morbidity as he hates the devil himself."

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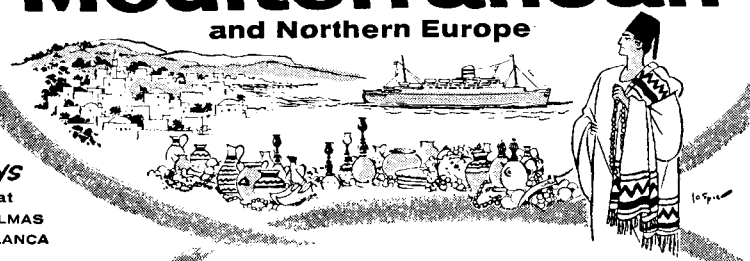

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Practically Nowhere" reports on h visit to the smallest kingdoms of th world, from Athos to Sark. (Be known Americans in his travels Harry Truman, Rita Hayworth, Elea nor Roosevelt, Marilyn Monroe, Grac Kelly.)

"If we wanted to be absolutely purist about the whole thing," he said "we'd call Tibet 'Bod;' India, 'Bahar-rot;' Finland, 'Suomi;' Sweden, 'Sverige.' And if we were in Japan, we'd have to call the United States 'Beikoku,' and England 'Eikoku.' Purism can be carried too far!"

THERE ARE LOTS of other angry people these days. Edward Eager, whose new children's book "Magic or Not" which is offered by Harcourt, is slow to anger, but fierce when aroused. "Why don't *all* publishers include a list of each author's work in the front of *every* book?" he asks. Frederick B. Ayer, who is refinishing Convair planes for executive use, is angry because his reception room is so comfortable, people clutter it up when they should be on their way. It's designed exactly like the interior of a plane, safety belts and all.

Irwin Blacker, author of the new historical novel "Taos," isn't angry, because critics and educators are beginning to accept American historical novels as valid and worthy. Gilbert Seldes is trying, in anger, to kill off "Anatomy of a Murder" because he feels it shouldn't stand so high, when a book like "Science and Human Values," by J. Bronowski escapes with scant notice. Marya Mannes is angry with girdles among other things. Carolyn Green, author of the hit "Janus," is angry with the first draft of her next play. And Alexander King, author of "Mine Enemy Grows Older," thinks all of this is fine.

"Rancor is a delightful thing," he says. "We should all let ourselves go and just plain enjoy it."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1309)

BORIS PASTERNAK:
THE NOBEL PRIZE

I am lost like a beast in an enclosure,
Somewhere are people, freedom, and light.
Behind me frenzied* noise of pursuit,
And there is no way out. . . .

But, in any case, I am near my grave,
And I believe the time will come,
When the spirit of good will conquer
Wickedness and infamy.

* Substituted, with apologies, in the translation for "is the," to get the essential Z.

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Now... Anaconda Aluminum Foil brings tempting dishes from the world's finest chefs right into your home

The rigid foil containers above have two things in common: All were made to hold baked or frozen food. All were made of Anaconda Aluminum Foil. In 1958 alone, Anaconda produced *hundreds of millions* of aluminum foil containers of all shapes and sizes.

Versatile aluminum foil brings so many advantages to the food field. It makes packaging far more convenient and attractive, besides being moisture-proof, taste-proof, odorproof and lightweight. The list of products packaged better with aluminum grows steadily longer. Take frozen foods, a prime user of foil: last year, frozen foods alone rang up total sales of close to *four billion dollars*. By 1965, economists tell us, Americans will be buying five to six times more! Truly, this foil-inspired packaging revolution is just getting started.

Joining vigorously in the development of America's aluminum future, Anaconda has blended all its aluminum facilities into one new subsidiary, Anaconda Aluminum Company. The result is an integrated organization embracing almost every phase of aluminum production—from alumina to pig and ingot through to the fabrication of commercial products such as foil, coiled and flat sheet, rod, bar, structurals, tube and extruded shapes.

In addition, substantial quantities of wire ingot are supplied to another Anaconda subsidiary, Anaconda Wire and Cable Company, for the production of a wide range of aluminum wire and cable electrical conductors.

Anaconda's growth in aluminum is a typical example of a development program that seeks to offer better products and services to both industry and consumer.

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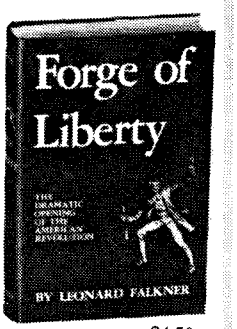
No Time for Browsing?

HERE'S A 30-SECOND LOOK AT 3 NEW BOOKS FROM DUTTON

TITLE: **FORGE OF LIBERTY**
AUTHOR: **Leonard Falkner**
WHAT IT'S ABOUT: The intensely dramatic story of the first impassioned days of the American Revolution, told with you-are-there realism. Paul Revere's ride, Lexington and Concord, Bunker Hill — all vividly reconstructed from letters, diaries and documents of the period. (Illustrated)
TIME: 1775
YOU'LL ENJOY IT IF YOU LIKE: authentic history written with all the drama of fiction.
LOOK FOR THIS JACKET .....



$4.50

TITLE: **THE SILENT INVESTIGATORS**
AUTHOR: **John N. Makris**
WHAT IT'S ABOUT: The great untold story of America's oldest (1737) law enforcement agency — The U. S. Postal Inspection Service. From confidential files the author has picked the most thrilling and intriguing cases. (Illustrated)
TIME: 1737-1958
YOU'LL ENJOY IT IF YOU LIKE: true tales of ingenious criminals and brilliant detection.
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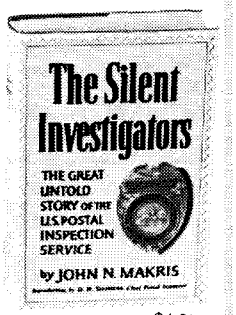

$4.95

TITLE: **BLOW THE MAN DOWN!**
AUTHOR: **James H. Williams,** arranged and edited by **Warren F. Kuehl**
WHAT IT'S ABOUT: An autobiographical narrative of a Yankee seaman's adventures under sail — packed with spell-binding tales of the sea and shore, from the South Atlantic to Hong Kong dives. (Illustrated)
TIME: 1864-1926
YOU'LL ENJOY IT IF YOU LIKE: completely authentic accounts of the way it was in the Golden Age of sail.
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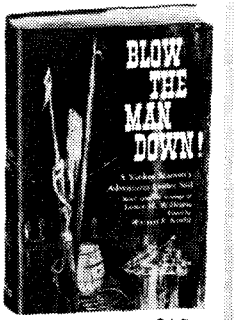

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Chess Corner—14

THE question is often propounded how would the master of a century ago fare against the contemporary player? And it evokes partisan, rabid, conjectural replies, stated without reservation, as pure fact.

In truth, the science of chess has advanced. Today a Pawn is a Pawn, and the romantic notion of the gambit *debut* is cast aside for the battle of attrition. Except for an occasional flare for speculation, the pendulum has swung away from the King's Gambit, the Scotch and the Evans', the spirit of each of which is imbued with sacrificial orgy.

The absence of these radiant performances has left a significant void and the chess world of today is less fortunately endowed. We look for the pendulum to swing the other way.

Below is the Evergreen Game, immortalized in Berlin in 1852.

EVANS'S GAMBIT

	Anderssen White		Dufresne Black
1 P-K4	P-K4	3 B-B4	B-B4
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	4 P-QN4	.....

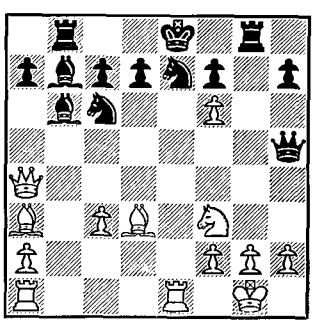
A Pawn sacrifice for rapid development. White's last constitutes the Evans'.

4	BxNP	8 Q-N3	Q-B3
5 P-B3	B-R4	9 P-K5	Q-N3
6 P-Q4	PxP	10 R-K1	KN-K2
7 O-O	P-Q6	11 B-R3	P-N4

Black counter-sacrifices to bolster his own development.

12 QxP	R-QN1	15 N-K4	Q-B4
13 Q-R4	B-N3	16 BxQP	Q-R4
14 QN-Q2	B-N2	17 N-B6ch	PxN
	18 PxP	R-N1	

BLACK



WHITE

White's batteries are trained on the Black King and Black's are trained on the White King. Now comes a move described as one in a billion!

19 QR-Q1!!! .....

One of the most profound moves ever played.

19	QxN	22 B-B5ch	K-K1
20 RxNch	NxR	23 B-Q7ch	K-B1
21 QxPch	KxQ	24 BxN mate	

—Al Horowitz.

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America in the 1870s— through the eyes of a Nobel Prize-winning European novelist—

"Regard for women is a characteristic common to the Anglo-Saxon race, but in America it is carried even further than in England. Perhaps this is why a woman here is rather like a spoiled child."

"The frontiersmen, although loyal and even honest in their relations with each other, are no less savage than the redskins themselves when dealing with the latter. . . . On the graves of the Indians a learned professor will discourse upon the rights of nations."

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LETTERS OF HENRY SIENKIEWICZ

translated and edited by CHARLES MORLEY

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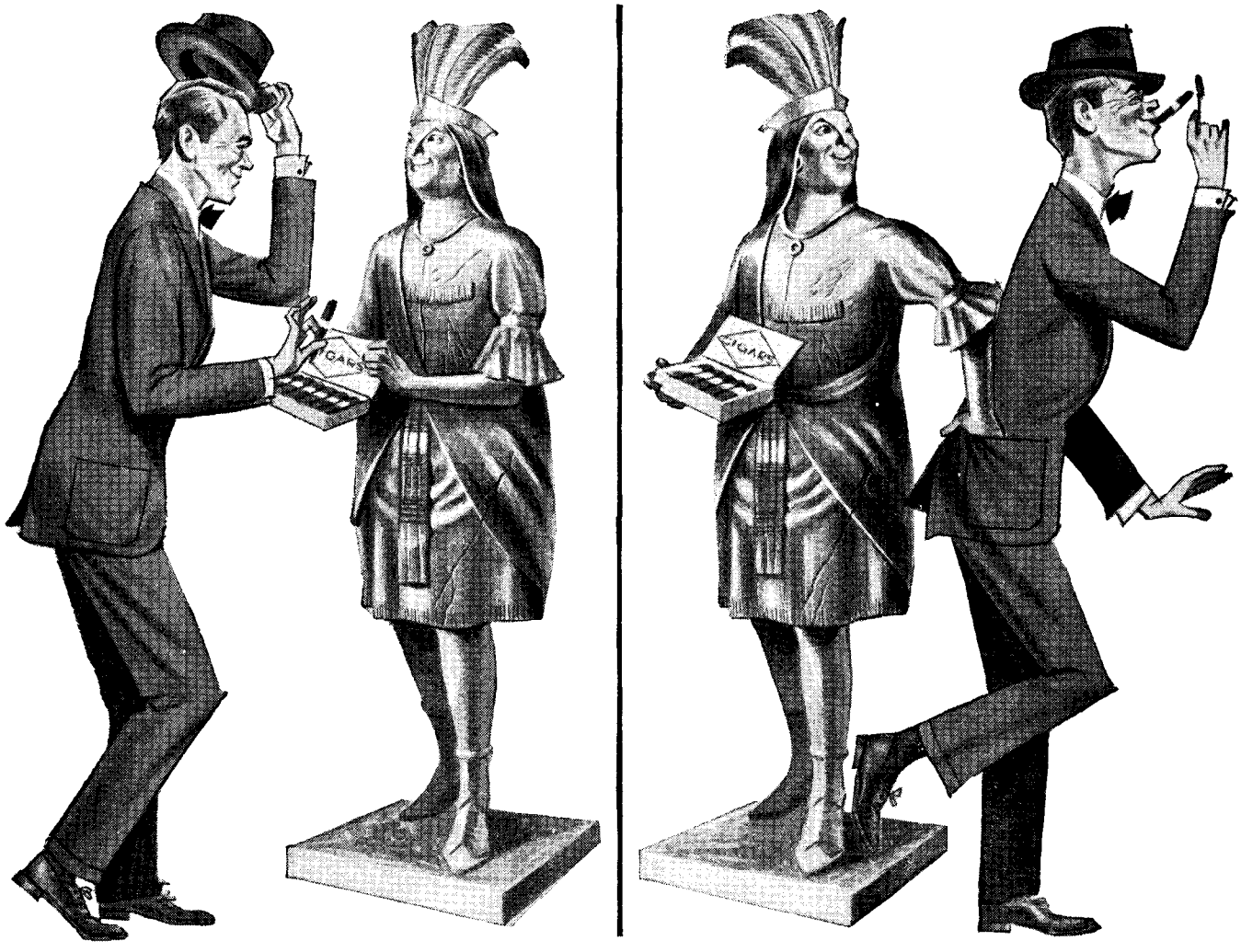

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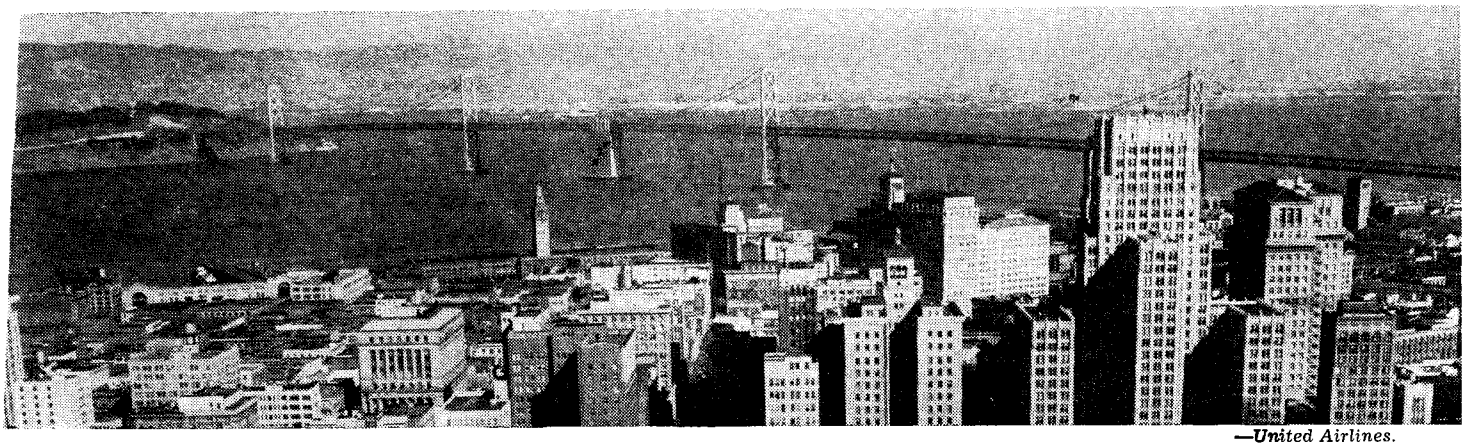
Saturday Review
MAY 2, 1959

THE WEST COAST: REGION WITH A VIEW



—*United Airlines.*

San Francisco . . . drew a relatively higher proportion of the educated and cultivated than did other parts of the West.

Perhaps one casualty of modern communication is the cult of regionalism, which, at one time, spawned many an ardent advocate and controversy in America. In the following article, Wallace Stegner, critic, novelist, professor of English and director of writing at Stanford University, scans the state of contemporary culture on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Stegner has lived most of his adult life in the environs of San Francisco. He finds that the West Coast is a region with a view, but that the view is American, not local—and that the view is towards the future. The creators and practitioners of the arts in the West are not concerned with an area, or a primarily self-conscious past, or even the present. Their face is turned towards the future. It is a future having to do with the human potential, and not just with a geographical potential.

By WALLACE STEGNER

DURING the last two days of October there gathered at the Highlands Inn in Carmel, California, one of those conferences that are periodic within the learned professions. The subject, "Has the West Coast an Identifiable Culture?" was calculated to permit the discussion of everything from piety and local prejudice to statistical social analysis. The conferees included four historians, three professors of English, two anthropologists, a philosopher, a college president, a college chaplain, a professor of music, a sociologist, the director of an art museum, the director of the California Department of Beaches and Parks, the director of a university press, the editor of the West's most successful magazine, a music and art critic, an architectural writer, the San Francisco *Time* man, a distinguished architect, two novelists, and the vice-president of the American Council of Learned Societies, which was picking up the check.

Into this pleasant two-day conversation the term "regionalism" was introduced early. The terms of the conference seemed to force us toward the sin of cultural narcissism; we were all more or less guilty of pulling up the plants to see how the garden was doing. What we decided (and it could be nothing very precise, because it was immediately clear to all of us that the region had had no such adequate studies as make generalization possible in some other regions, and was in such a state of flux that it was not likely to have any for a considerable time) is not my subject here. I was more interested in something else revealed by the talks: that among those twenty-five people there was not a single serious defender of the kind of regionalism that used to be argued, and sometimes chanted, during the years when I was growing up in the Rocky Mountains, an immature region, and the Midwest, a somewhat more developed one.

The self-conscious zeal and the mystique were missing at Carmel. Nobody much cared whether the West Coast was called one region or three: clearly it was either or both. Nobody much cared whether the architecture, music, painting, and literature of the Coast were mystically indigenous or not; nobody felt that it was vital for them to concern themselves intensively with local themes, settings, characters, and "spirit." More important than those questions of idiosyncrasy in the local arts were the questions, "How lively is any of these arts, as measured by both its local and its national or international acceptance?" and "How good is it?" And that is a

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big change from the organic theory of inevitable cultural maturation that most Americans have accepted, passively or aggressively, for more than a hundred years. By the organic theory, localism and virtue are all but synonymous.

I was not surprised to see regionalism in decline—it has been in decline in every region except in the rearguard South for years. But I was surprised to see it in nearly total eclipse, especially on the West Coast where the boom has forced an extreme self-awareness, and most especially in a conference which invited all the traditional responses.

We have always, as a civilization, been compelled to periodic examinations and self-appraisals. Trying to establish who we were—or that we really were somebody — we have smarted under the criticism of British travelers, and have pondered de Tocqueville and Lord Bryce, and studied how imported institutions, habits, arts, and ways of thinking adapt themselves on a new continent or in new regions of the continent, and how (this is often pure hope) they become something new and (this is piety) better. Self-discovery has been our need and our theme. Patriotism and the organic theory were twin-born yokels. The critic who remarked back in Jefferson's time that "the chorus of every play is in the hearts of the audience," was implying an intimate bond between small-c culture and large-C Culture, between the society and the arts which expressed it. He did not say, though he might have, Mature the society and the arts will follow as the day the night, and they will echo in the hearts of the audience because it is of and by and from the people that the matured cultural Voice speaks.

—*Monkmeyer.*

The Pacific . . . A spectacular setting.

Emerson and Whitman would say that for him later on. The Emerson who got tired of the courtly voice of Europe and celebrated the native and the low was at once acknowledging a historical trend and asserting a new value. The Whitman who visioned democratic Archetypes and foreheard Voices that spoke for a whole people was formulating doctrine that seventy or eighty years later consoled Iowa poets yearning for the slow Midland earth to get on with its essential production of a small-c culture so that they could speak with its Voice. Ellis Parker Butler's motto for Iowa: "Ten million yearly for manure but not one cent for literature" would not indefinitely apply. Wait, only wait, and mature your powers. Like Marxism, a local literature was organic and inevitable. Like the classless society, it would come.

The organic theory was essential to the self-respect of us colonials and provincials. It gave us a critical touchtone and the beginnings of a literary history; our jobs were to evaluate local writings in terms of the organic expectations, and to hang those which passed the test like Christmas tree balls on the skimpy tree of the local tradition. The organic theory could be used as well in promoting Chicago against Boston, or Nashville or Iowa City against New York, as in asserting America against courtly Europe. When the national literature broke into sections after the Civil War, the organic theory broke with it. Eventually it took over, informed, and enlarged the local color movement, purged its excesses, gave it a common doctrine, and set about replacing the tourist writers of local color with the Whitmanesque Voices of local culture. The Great American Novel was now to come, not single and whole from the nation, but piecemeal from the regions.

William Dean Howells, in wanting American writers to be as American as they unconsciously could, admitted the self-consciousness of the movement he had steered for many years. He meant that the best writers grow as naturally as apples on a tree, the way he had grown in Ohio and Mark Twain in Missouri. When it happened according to the organic inevitabilities, nationalism or regionalism provided the highest kind of art, and boys and blackbirds were its best judges.

That was the doctrine I grew up on, and to a point I will still defend it. It has demonstrably worked, in region after region. Given the proper conditions it will always work. But the proper conditions involve a relative homogeneity of life in relative isolation over a relatively long period, and that combination is increasingly hard to find. The national character as demonstrated by a Lincoln or analyzed by a Howells or Twain or James was being lost in the rush even while we thought we recognized his face. Industrialism was drumming him under, immigrations of a hundred different nationalities and religions and cultural traditions were sweeping him away. Except in rural areas, especially the South, where isolation has not been broken down and the local patterns have remained nearly intact, regionalism has pretty well gone, and the organic theory, if not discredited, is indefinitely suspended in the face of incessant larger syntheses. So what we used to believe expressed a region has turned out, often, to express no more than a period. In the longer view it looks not like a consummation, but like a phase.

Obviously neither the West Coast nor any of its three sub-regions has a regional culture or regional arts in the traditional terms. For one thing, no part of it has really matured in isolation. Even the Northwest, relatively homogeneous and relatively the most isolated, has been a door to Alaska and a window on Asia, and it is primarily in its woods and its cow-country, its James Stephenses and H. L. Davises, that it has developed a regional strain of literature. And what of those novels of rural California that Hamlin Garland foresaw, what of those sunny lads and lasses—or maidens—working and loving under the palms? Well, California agriculture began with cattle, shifted to wheat, developed water and shifted again to truck crops, rice, cotton, fruit. But it never had as its basis that 160-acre yeoman that the American gospels, and Garland with them, assumed. It has always been factories in the field. Jump from "Ramona" to "The Octopus" to "The Grapes of Wrath" and discover how discontinuous and broken is the California agricultural environment, and how persistent is the "largeness" of the operations. Cattle persist, and cowboys, but go up into the foothills and meet them: they are largely second and third-generation Italians. Not even in the rural areas is there a continuity even of ethnic stocks.

THE West Coast, and California especially, is actually profoundly non-rural. California's 80 per cent urbanization matches that of the Middle Atlantic states. It is not inhabited by quaint provincials, and never was. San Francisco in particular has always been a city of an unsurpassed worldliness, a city of sin and excite-

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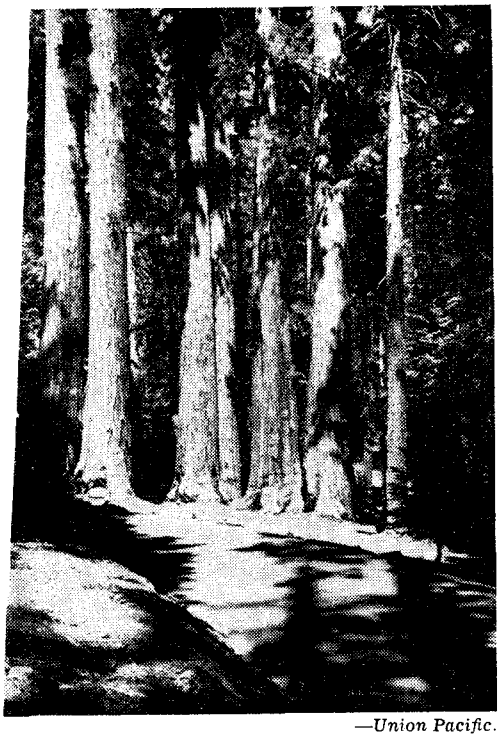


—*Union Pacific.*

The Sequoias . . . Greedy use of the parks.

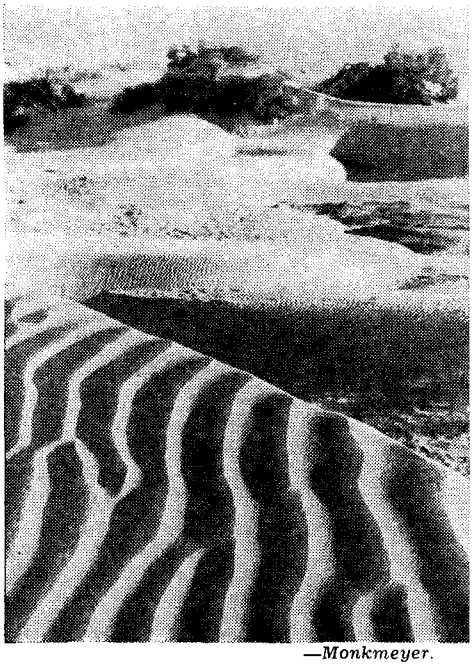
ment and gold. Not only was it a more persuasive image of the earthly Paradise than Kansas or Dakota prairie land, but it demanded initiative and some capital to get there, and something like selective immigration took place. Though it drew people of every kind and class, it drew a relatively higher proportion of the educated and cultivated than did other parts of the West; and it drew them, in one of the most remarkable movements of population in recent times, from all over the world.

The advantages that San Francisco enjoyed were enjoyed in somewhat less lavishness by both the Northwest and the Los Angeles area. The setting of both is spectacular, the climate of both is mild. Los Angeles began its boom with a cut-price railroad war and $1 tickets to the Pacific, and has mushroomed ever since on sunshine, oranges, oil, Hollywood, and airplanes. But it too has drawn heavily from the ranks of writers and artists and musicians, and it too, if only because of its styles and its movie and television industries, is a variety of world city. So is Seattle. So is Portland. No isolation in any of them, and no homogeneity, and no holding still. To make social studies of any of those cities would be like trying to hold a stethoscope to the chest of an angry cat. And hence no traditional regionalism; perhaps no identifiable West Coast culture.

Quite obviously the twenty-five men sitting around a table in Carmel had much in common. They all lived in places strongly on the boom, places that multitudes of people move into but that few people ever move out of. They all shared a peculiarly West Coast view of the Pacific and of Asia, a degree of familiarity and awareness created entirely by propinquity. They shared big agriculture and except for the coastal strip from about Eureka, California, northward they shared a water-shortage: very largely the West Coast, like all the rest of the Far West, is an oasis civilization. They shared a style of domestic architecture that more than any other single cultural manifestation deserves to be called regional in the old sense, and that is probably imported more enthusiastically into other regions than any other West Coast product. They shared colossal headaches incident upon explosive growth, lack of planning, commercialism, and public apathy: overcrowded highways, double-session schools, housing developments that at their cheapest and worst are about as aesthetic and as socially healthful as ringworm. They acknowledged for their own sub-regions a bad case of togetherness and conformity, possibly brought on by the need of new in-migrants to root themselves, conform, belong. They shared an anxiety probably more acute than that of the country at large, if religious cultism, a marked growth in the more conservative denominations, very high suicide and alcoholism rates, and a vast yeasty ferment of amateur creativeness may all be lumped together as indications of social unease.

EAGERNESS to conform and belong may in themselves be causes of anxiety when it is not clear what one can or should conform to. By the evidence of both the editor of *Sunset* and the director of the California Beaches and Parks, one common way is to seize upon the natural environment, make greedy use of the parks, forests, beaches, campsites, make a fetish of the barbecue and barbecue weather. Precisely because there are so many new migrants, most of them eagle-eyed for the patterns to which they ought to conform, the West Coast as a region shows a blurred image. No group, even an intimate group in one of the sub-regions, could sit down and find in common such things as the Fugitive group in Nashville found: a common agrarian tradition with a philosophy to match, a common Protestantism lit by revivalism, a common racial and cultural background, a common Lost Cause, a common hatred, a common guilt.

On the West Coast, no such unanimity of tradition and belief. No Voices, no Archetypes, no Great Pacific Slope Novel. And yet, from Seattle to San Diego a tremendous stir, a great swell of energy and optimism and creativity, and this may be the truest, though not necessarily the most traditional, expression of a really regional spirit. For the ferment is not simply economic, not just a building boom and the skyrocketing of the electronics and aircraft and missile industries. This society—urban, opulent, anxious, energetic, highly unionized, with a per capita income exceeded by that of only four or five states, growing at a furious rate, located in a region whose climate is on the whole more beatific and whose natural setting is more spectacular than those of any other section—this society is not sitting on its hands or relapsing into Spanish-Californian somnolence. In spite of the sports cars and the Rolls Royces (13 of the 40 U.S. Rolls Royce agencies are in California), and in spite of the swimming pools and the homes that cost, two, three, four hundred thousand dollars, this society strains for something more. Perhaps it is uneasily asking itself Max Lerner's question: "After prosperity, what?" Perhaps it is conforming, or trying to conform, to some regional image of creativity as my Norwegian grandparents consciously tried to conform to the outlines of Midwestern character.



—*Monkmeyer.*

The desert . . . An oasis civilization.

In any case there is a curious ambivalence detectable—or at least I seemed to detect it in the findings of this conference. For along with the uneasiness, the anxiety, the uncertainty and fumbling for identification, there is in the whole West Coast, and there was among the twenty-five con-

(*Continued on page* 41)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Business of Writing

By Granville Hicks

IN 1950 the Authors Guild sponsored a volume entitled "The Writer's Book," a collection of thirty-nine essays intended to be helpful to writers, especially beginning writers. The book was so successful that a sequel or supplement has now been published, **"Writer's Roundtable"** (Harper, $4), edited by Helen Hull and Michael Drury. As before, royalties go to the Guild. Like its predecessor, the book tries to answer the questions writers and would-be writers are always asking.

One has only to look at the announcements in last week's *Saturday Review* of writers' conferences scheduled for this summer to realize how many Americans have literary ambitions. How many have literary talents is, of course, a different question. Not many have if my experience as a teacher at writers' conferences is representative. That experience, as Gorham Munson remarked in his article commenting on the conferences, is limited, but, out of his much wider experience, he supports my conclusions. He thinks I should have been delighted to find four or five persons of promise among the twenty-three students at the Antioch Conference in 1957, and so I was, but apparently he is not depressed, as I am, by the fact that they were surrounded by the hopelessly incompetent and the cheerfully mediocre.

What is most distressing in teaching at writers' conferences—and in teaching writing courses in general—is the realization that a lot of people believe in magic. Again and again one encounters the student who is aware that he (it's more often she) isn't really very good but who confidently expects to be transformed into a genius. Somewhere, she is convinced, there is someone who can breathe the secret words that will make all the difference. She may have been disappointed again and again, but hope remains strong.

Perhaps no greater service can be rendered to would-be writers than to try to destroy the illusions with which many of them are cursed. Several of the contributors to "Writer's Roundtable" take out after the idea that writing is an easy way to make money. Loretta Burrough says that it was eleven years from the time she sold her first story to the time when she was able to place fiction with some regularity. B. J. Chute states flatly: "Ten years is a fair estimate of how long it takes a writer to learn his craft and establish himself." Merle Miller, who talks in a down-to-earth fashion about the economics of authorship, says, "To become a writer *just* to make money would be foolish."

Furthermore, as these writers, all of whom are currently published in magazines that pay well, seem to forget, it is perfectly possible in these days for a writer to establish himself, so far as critical reputation is concerned, and still not come anywhere near earning a living by his writing. Mr. Miller names William Faulkner as one of the good novelists who sell well, but during Faulkner's best years as a writer his sales were meager. Several of our most highly esteemed authors would starve if it weren't for teaching jobs and occasional fellowships.

Yet the contributors are agreed that a writing career has its rewards, and some of the most interesting essays portray these satisfactions. William A. Owens, for instance, describes the long process by which he acquired the knowledge of Negro life that went into his novel, "Walking on Borrowed Land." John Brick tells how he solved a problem presented by an historical novel he was engaged in writing. A charming essay, originally a lecture delivered at Scripps College, is Marjorie Nicolson's "The Romance of Scholarship," which has as neat a climax as ever graced a well-made short story.

Many different kinds of writing are considered. Daphne du Maurier discusses the novel of suspense, Babette Deutsch has a letter to a poet, and Donald Keene examines the problems of translation. Erik Barnouw talks about television, and William Shirer about the writing of contemporary history. Orville Prescott and Maurice Dolbier tell what it is like to be a regular reviewer for a daily newspaper. Merle Miller, incidentally, complaining about the rates paid by a leading literary magazine, points out that book reviewing isn't much of a way for a free-lance writer to increase his income.

The practical problems of authorship are not neglected. Evan Thomas of *Harper's* briefly sets forth the publisher's point of view. Rex Stout and Cass Canfield have an exchange on the subject of paperback royalties. Paul Reynolds gives a clear and comprehensive account of the functions of the literary agent, answering most of the questions that trouble beginning writers.

It makes a moderately interesting and moderately useful book. Shop talk always interests those who belong or would like to belong to the same shop, and this shop talk is mostly of a lively sort. As a rule, however, the talk doesn't go very deep. The tendency here, just as at writers' conferences, is to regard publication as an end in itself. For the would-be writer publication naturally does seem all-important, and the sympathetic teacher almost inevitably comes to adopt his students' point of view. But as everyone really knows, the need is not for more books but for better books.

There is little or nothing here for the beginner who is both talented and serious. Such a writer does not need to be told that he has to work hard, and he is quite unlikely to yield to the various temptations against which contributors warn their readers. He, too, is interested in publication, but only as a means, as an essential step in the process of communication. Of course he wants to be read, but he wants to be read on his own terms.

The most important thing that can be done for a talented and serious young writer is to give him the kind of readers he deserves. I wish that there were readers' conferences and that people would flock to them as they do to the writers' conferences. Or perhaps I don't, for such conferences would probably fall into the hands of the "deep" readers, as Saul Bellow scoffingly calls them, the people who count and classify images, the people who pounce upon symbols. What I do wish is that more people got excited about reading instead of getting excited about trying to write.

I also wish that more would-be writers were content with a frankly amateur status. Week-end painters aren't always thinking about being exhibited in galleries, and the members of the neighborhood quartet don't feel that they have to hire a hall every time they want to make music. But rare indeed is the would-be writer who is satisfied if his work circulates among his friends. As a rule, alas, he would rather have a piece of tripe published in a fifth-rate trade journal than give himself the pleasure of doing the best work of which he is capable without thought of publication.

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Biography of a Stylish Nation

"France: A Modern History," by Albert Guérard *(University of Michigan Press. 563 pp. $8.75), is "the biography of a nation" embodying, in the author's words, "seventy-eight years of experience, seventy years of learning, and fifty years of teaching." Alexander Werth, British journalist and historian, is a leading authority on contemporary France, where he has lived for three decades. His books on France include his monumental "France: 1940-1955," "Lost Statesman: The Strange Story of P. Mendès-France," and "The Twilight of France."*

By Alexander Werth

NOT ONLY the professional student of French history, but every civilized human being who will read this book will be grateful to Professor Emeritus Guérard of Stanford University for this immense labor of love and learning. More than fifty years of study, meditation, and experience have gone into painting this vast 1,100-year panorama of France—a picture at the far corner of which we see the Fifth Republic emerging under the leadership of Charles de Gaulle. It is, as Guérard says, a "biography" of a nation, rather than a chronicle; and it is a warm and friendly biography, abounding in admirable description of events and personalities.

Every man, says Guérard, has two countries: his own and France. This is a sentiment which was perhaps more common before 1914 than today; it was common, too, just after World War I, when the memory of Verdun was still fresh, and Clemenceau—that grand and roguish old man—was still before everybody's eyes. Since then, however, most writings on France have tended to be critical or skeptical, and sometimes even hostile. Was it because, to most outsiders, France had, somehow, ceased to "radiate"—a supposition which has been like an obsession to a man like André Malraux, now one of de Gaulle's ministers? In 1949 he wrote:

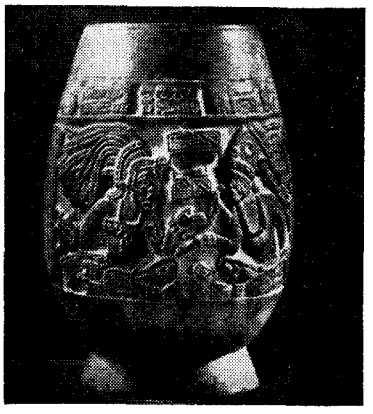
> When was France great? Only at those times when she was not self-absorbed. She was universalist . . . There are countries like England which are great in their solitude, and it may be to their credit. But France has always been at her greatest when she spoke for all men; and that is why one cannot listen to her silence today without anguish.

To Malraux, France's "radiance" was greatest at the time of the revolutionary wars; for then "the whole of Europe gave itself to France"; and de Gaulle is, to Malraux, "the heir of the French Revolution." This description of so monarchical a figure as de Gaulle may be plain nonsense; and yet, at his last press conference, the General tried to give a new meaning to France's traditional "universalism" by sounding much more "European" than before, and by raising the banner of joint East-West cooperation for aiding the backward countries of the world. An empty gesture by a second-class power? Perhaps not . . . Thoughts like those of Malraux seem to worry Guérard, too, though his streak of pre-1914 optimism is much stronger. Minimizing perhaps France's loss of relative weight among nations, he still believes in her exceptional place in the world today, which may explain his enthusiasm for de Gaulle, a man with that grand French "style" so dear to Guérard's heart.

In his view, France has developed harmoniously over the last 1,100 years. One almost feels that, in telling the fascinating story of this country with its rich interplay of ideas, Guérard loves almost *everything*, since everything has contributed something to the "biography," to the "portrait" of France. He sees some charm even in the proverbial warts. Thus he loves both the *ancien régime* and (though rather less, I suspect) the Revolution. Similarly, he has a good word to say for Napoleon III and Victor Hugo, for the Paris Commune and M. Thiers. I even suspect that, considering their verbal brilliance, and their contribution to the ferment of ideas under the Third Republic, it is not without a touch of reluctance that he openly condemns Maurras, Bainville, and the *Action Française*. Life would, somehow, have been duller without them.

The continuity of France and her "radiance" are among the main subjects of the book. Not that Guérard oversimplifies the story—far from it. He constantly warns the reader against oversimplification, partisanship, and ready-made ideas, whether

Jaguar depicted on incense burner. Guatemala.



Vase with symbolic "bird men." Guatemala.

Stone mask at temple base. Honduras.

LONG BEFORE COLUMBUS the culture of the Mayan Indians of Central America was developed to an extraordinary degree of refinement. In **"The Art of the Ancient Maya"** (Crowell, $5), Alfred Kidder II and Carlos Chinchilla, aided by the excellent photographs of Reuben Goldberg, survey Mayan sculpture and paintings. Much Mayan art is symbolic. Again and again appear the graceful leaves of corn, the serpent, or the feathered plumes of the quetzal, Mayan bird of nobility.

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about "the French character" (there is no such thing, for France is infinitely varied), or about "French nationalism." He does not deny the existence of this, but says that "in that country of patriots, nationalism is a heresy." This is one of the few assertions in the book with which I find it hard to agree. (Another is: "Vichy was not France"; it *was*, I think, very much France, or at least a part of France.) For what is nationalism except a distorted, petulant sort of patriotism, one oozing envy and resentment? And what has France's lamentable colonial record since 1945 been but an expression of narrow nationalism, a reaction against the humiliation of 1940, a kind of long-drawn-out Boulangist reaction which, after all the follies of Indo-China, Tunisia, and Morocco, culminated in the Algerian war with its "if we can't kick anybody else, at least let's kick the Arabs"? While deploring much of this, Guérard refuses to be downhearted. His faith in France is unshaken, least of all now that de Gaulle has taken over. This noble figure, whether strictly "democratic" or not, may well, in Guérard's view, change the base metal of unclean nationalism into the radiant gold of French universalism. Perhaps he is right, though I am not entirely sure of this. De Gaulle is nearly seventy, and rather too many thugs on both sides of the Mediterranean call themselves "Gaullists."

Apart from this minor disagreement with Guérard, I find his book altogether admirable. Nothing perhaps is better than his pages on the eighteenth-century *philosophes*, whose influence, he thinks, will live on forever. He is probably right; for even in the rather dismal conformism and *apolitisme* of the Fifth Republic (now that it has settled down) Voltaire (and Gavroche) are still alive—even if only in the pages of the wisecracking *Canard Enchaîné*!

Alarm Clock for American Dream

***"The Status Seekers," by Vance Packard** (McKay. 376 pp. $4.50), explores the high (and low) ways of cleavage in the American class structure. Our reviewer is* SR *Contributing Editor and social historian Cleveland Amory, author of "The Proper Bostonians" and "The Last Resorts."*

By Cleveland Amory

SOME weeks ago, at the time of the appearance of the out-of-town reviewers at the National Book Awards, the Authors Guild offered for their edification a panel discussion under the title "Whose Decade—the Fifties?" After some debate, the panel came to the conclusion that the decade belonged, if to anyone, to the people trying to decide to whom it belonged.

We have spawned in these Fifties, it seems, a host of national psyche analysts. Not the least of these is a man named Vance Packard, who sprang to prominence a couple of years ago with a provocative and widely read book entitled "The Hidden Persuaders." His new book, which is entitled "The Status Seekers," also bears a "hidden persuader" jacket explanation: "An Exploration of Class Behavior in America and the Hidden Barriers that Affect You, Your Community, Your Future." In his new book, furthermore, Mr. Packard not only speaks for himself but also brings together, quotes, and attempts, as he puts it, "to assess the findings of" no fewer than 150 other analysts.

If the author chooses to analyze his analysts, then the reviewer has no other choice but to analyze his analysis of his analysts. To some readers this may seem one analysis too many. But the fact remains that Mr. Packard is an extremely readable man—and if popularization of other people's research seems to be his forte, it should be remembered that on his own he has some very disturbing things to say and also has a way of saying them so effectively that there is even a possibility that something might be done about them. Witness, for example, what happened to subliminal advertising.

Early in the book Mr. Packard tells us that he first became interested in social stratification as a farm boy when his father pointed out that of their eighteen cows one of them, named Gertrude, always came first through the gate at feeding time, that another always came last, and that, in fact, each cow not only knew her place but kept it—or at least did until a new cow came along and butted Gertrude out of the top spot, whereupon, the author declares, "Gertrude developed neurotic symptoms and became our meanest kicker at milking time."

In this book Mr. Packard, like Gertrude, also kicks—and the particular object of his kicks is nothing less than the American dream itself. In Mr. Packard's view this Dream is not only just a dream but is also actually one which is now doing better in several European nations (he cites England, Holland, and Denmark) than it is in America. "In truth," he says, "America, under its gloss of prosperity, is undergoing a significant hardening of the arteries of its social system." Some of his chapter titles give indication of how widespread he believes is the disease. "Obstacle Course for Outsiders," "Totem Poles of Job Prestige," "Pecking Orders in Corporate Barnyards," "The Sociology of Sex Appeal," and "The Long Road from Pentecostal to Episcopal."

"Status," to Mr. Packard, is literally everywhere, *i.e.*, where we live: "When any of us moves into a new neighborhood—and 33,000,000 Americans now do this every year—we are quickly and critically appraised by our new neighbors and business acquaintances before being accepted or rejected by their group . . ."; where we work: "Another problem facing the Jew in the corporation is the five-o'clock shadow. Jew and Gentile may work amiably together all day in the corporate hierarchy, but, come five o'clock, the Gentile may go off to one of the city's elite clubs, and the Jew cannot follow . . ."; and even where we love: "A college girl is six times as likely to marry a college man as a noncollege girl. Even dating across more than one class line is likely to create comment . . ."

MR. Packard seems to me at his best in such chapters as "A Sociological Peek Into the Voting Booth" (where he questions the acceptance of "Group-Think") or "Widening the Gates of Opportunity" (where he pleads for broader channels to higher education) —both of which, like so many other chapters, are not only extremely incisive and full of facts, figures, and examples but also, in contrast to so many of the others, end on a not totally discouraging note. On the other hand, Mr. Packard seems to me at his worst when he argues that the reason motorcycling has never caught on among the American upper classes as it has in Europe (where, he says, "Even celebrated playboys take their girl friends for rides") is that the upper-class American woman resists such a dependent position (sitting on the jump seat and clinging to the man's waist) as motorcycling necessitates.

Well, as a man who drives a 1948 Cadillac (and I hesitate to think how much Mr. Packard could make of *that*!) I just can't go all the way along with this. Maybe the ladies just don't like motorcycling.

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From Olympus the Nation-State

***"Hellenism: The History of a Civilization," by Arnold J. Toynbee** (Oxford. 272 pp. $4.50), which deals as lengthily with Rome as with Greece, takes a controversial position on the crucial centuries of the European experience. Dr. Toynbee's theory is considered by Moses Hadas, Jay Professor of Greek at Columbia University.*

By Moses Hadas

THIS book is not, as its title might suggest, an examination and appreciation of the intellectual and artistic achievements of the Greeks, but the application of Toynbee's familiar theory to an area of special importance for the configuration of contemporary outlooks. None of the key words in the title bears the meanings usually associated with it. Hellenism is not defined by geography or language, or indeed by history or civilization as commonly understood, but by a particular outlook expressed in the features of a particular political organization; actually, half of the book is devoted to Rome. History is not a systematic account of a delimited area of human experience, but a marshaling of evidence from disparate sources to demonstrate a thesis. And civilization is not a complex of cultural factors but a single characteristic attitude—in the case of Hellenism, according to Mr. Toynbee, worship of man distilled into worship of the city-state.

To relate the particular to the generic, as Mr. Toynbee does, is philosophically illuminating, but it is a more subjective enterprise than the chronicler's. Even for the most conscientious chronicler complete objectivity is of course impossible; for the philosophical interpreter it is not even a desideratum, for he must be the master, not the servant, of his materials. But mastery tends to trench upon caprice, and Mr. Toynbee's schematization of history is itself capricious. "Challenge and response," "age of agony," "age of boredom" are all suggestive, but they are only metaphors, and far from absolute. It is true enough that Rome no less than the Hellenized East was a cultural province of Greece, and true too that the Greco-Roman experience over nearly two millennia has a certain unity, at least as contrasted with the unity of the Egyptian or Chinese experience. But except for filing, in a cabinet with very few index cards, such classification is of not much use, because the multifarious variations and qualifications outweigh the unifying factor.

Worship of man and hence of the city-state is the significant factor in Hellenism, according to Mr. Toynbee, and shaped human outlooks from Mycenaean times to the seventh century A.D.; its embers were fanned into life in the Renaissance, and it now persists in the worship of nation-states. The contrast to worship of man is of course worship of God, and Mr. Toynbee's epigraph makes the opposition clear by juxtaposing the Scriptural "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve" and the opening of the ode to man in Sophocles's "Antigone": "Wonders are many, but none there be / So strange, so fell, as the Child of Man." But the same ode concludes with a warning against overstepping divine law, and a book like E. R. Dodds's "The Greeks and the Irrational" makes it abundantly clear that if the Greeks worshiped man *a potiore parte* they certainly did not *a majore parte*.

Within Mr. Toynbee's framework the antonym of Hellenism would appear to be Christianity. Christianity did indeed propagate much of the Greek legacy, but how it can be said to have propagated Mr. Toynbee's Hellenism is something of a mystery. The mystery is deepened when resistance to aspects of Hellenism which would have endangered Christianity are attributed to Judaic intolerance. In the light of his pages on the origins of Christianity one would hardly suspect Mr. Toynbee of naïve views on religion, and yet his roving imagination is sometimes strangely inhibited. Only a parochial prejudice could repeatedly castigate the Olympians as barbarians; their long hold on the imaginations of intelligent men and the sublime poetry and architecture produced in their service do not suggest barbarism. And only parochial prejudice could define *hetaira* as a euphemism for prostitute, or complain that poetry and sport rather than politics or religion preserved the common consciousness of the Greeks, or suspect Hellenistic kings because they were only two generations removed from Macedonian barbarism.

But minor blemishes and even a questionable thesis are not an exorbitant price for an original and comprehensive and thought-provoking essay on the crucial centuries of European history. Mr. Toynbee is alert and intelligent and enormously learned. We may disagree with him but we cannot be indifferent to him.

—From the jacket design for "Hellenism."

Ancient Greek terra cottas—"Greco-Roman experience over two millennia has certain unity."

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To the Sum of the Ages Can Man Add Survival?

***"A History of Western Morals," by Crane Brinton** (Harcourt, Brace. 502 pp. $7.50), examines the nature of being human in, to quote critic Ward Madden, "all its unbuttoned reality." Mr. Madden, associate professor of education at Brooklyn College, wrote "Religious Values in Education."*

By Ward Madden

THERE are a number of reasons why the subject matter of this book is inherently interesting at this moment in history. The urgent question for man is whether out of the accumulated fund of his experiences through the ages he can find the resources for closing what may turn out to be the catastrophic gap between his present material accomplishments and his moral state. But, beyond questions of survival, there is also the problem in these confused times of man's coming to understand himself—a problem worthy of investigation as its own end. To explore Western history in its moral dimension, as Crane Brinton here does, is to focus upon the aspect of history which perhaps more than any other poignantly reveals the quality of being human, in all its unbuttoned reality. This is social history, showing man in the intimacy of the bedroom as well as in the perversions of the Nazi gas chambers and in Augustine's Confessions of Love.

As Mr. Brinton points out, the contorted face of the white girl and the composed face of the Negro girl in the widely printed photograph taken in Little Rock in September 1957 were seen by many commentators as symbolic masks, personifying the spirits of good and evil struggling in the human psyche. Mr. Brinton traces the course of this interaction through Western history, beginning with origins in the near East, among the Jews, and among the Greeks, moving on to the great age of Greece, to the subsequent Greco-Roman world, to the beginnings of the Judaeo-Christian tradition, to the Middle Ages, the Reformation, the Renaissance, and down into the Age of Reason, to the nineteenth century, and finally our own times.

The book is concerned both with actual conduct and with ethics, or man's thinking about problems of right and wrong. Mr. Brinton, as he has already made clear in "Ideas and Men," is convinced that ideas do make a difference in human history. At the same time, and without contradiction, he seems willing to accept some degree of truth in the contention from the sociology of knowledge that ideologies are rationalizations of existing practices, more useful in explaining man's image of himself at a given moment than in affecting the outcome of events.

And yet the book is social rather than intellectual history. It aims more at studying the relation of the word to the deed than at analyzing the logical content of the word itself—both important functions, but Mr. Brinton has made his choice as an historian of morals rather than an historian of philosophy. As such, the book may not altogether satisfy those who like to have more philosophical analysis with their history than Mr. Brinton, even in the legitimate role of an historian *qua* historian, is prepared to give.

Nevertheless, the author is in tune with the intellectual current of today (in the sense of being in communication with, not necessarily in the sense of being in sympathy or agreement with). At the same time he is so familiar with his historical materials that he moves back and forth, with ease and with provocative question-raising, from the contemporary to the historical. In passing he continually relates the ethos of the power elite, of the affluent society, of the exurbanites, the organization man, the various social classes studied by Warner and many others, the moral agonies of Sorokin, Toynbee, Niebuhr, and the Existentialists, to the behavior and ethics of the Greeks, the medieval monastaries, the lusty men of the Renaissance, the seventeenth-century *noblesse*, the determined determinists of the nineteenth century. This gives his work a gracefully achieved relevance to the current situation, while maintaining the validity of the study of history for its own sake.

MR. BRINTON'S is a searching book in the sense that it asks and analyzes questions more than it seeks to answer them. His last chapter is titled "Conclusion: In Which Nothing Is Concluded." Yet, no doubt as he intended, the author concludes more than he admits.

Aside from his judgment that our age is neither more nor less moral than most of the ages that preceded it (a dull discovery, admits Mr. Brinton. "But what if it happens to be true?") perhaps his most interesting conclusions have to do with the complex relationships between what Mr. Brinton identifies as the two dominant world-views of the West—the Judaic-Christian religion and the religion of the Enlightenment. The latter, like the former, has its latter-day fundamentalist versions (*e.g.* Marxism), as well as its liberalistic version (*e.g.* J. S. Mill). The Christian and the Enlightened views have influenced each other more than either realizes, Mr. Brinton believes, and will continue to do so. Yet the differences, even the conflicts, are real, and Mr. Brinton, for his part, seems more skeptical of the value to human beings of conceiving Grace as Reason than as supernatural intervention. He appears to feel (he is modestly most undogmatic about this) that ours is a Dionysian age that needs its adrenals calmed by the ideas associated with the Christian agon, rather than a complacent age that needs the stimulation of the Promethean ideas of Enlightenment. One can disagree with his conclusions while feeling that he has been most stimulating indeed in presenting them.

Life Insurance

By Laurence Lieberman

TRUST,
if insured,
he's worth more dead
than alive. More what,
I said? How much
is alive, not to say
in love with life,
worth? Such much,
said he, as to others
he loves, if he lives,
he can give. Not so much,
he said, as, in one lump sum,
he's worth dead. But what,
said I, after all,
if he dies,
gives?

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Barefoot Boy with Dreams of Zen

Doctor Sax: Faust Part Three," y Jack Kerouac *(Grove. 245 pp. 3.50. Paper, $1.75), tells of green ears and growing pains in a New ngland city. Barnaby Conrad, the uthor of the forthcoming book "San rancisco to Me," discusses Kerouac, his latest novel, and the Beatnik credo.*

By Barnaby Conrad

I BUMPED into a friend of mine in San Francisco the other day, a serious hard-working writer, and commented on the fact that he had shaved his beard of some decade's standing.

"I loved the darned thing," he said sadly, "but I couldn't stand one more tourist asking the Gray Line Tour guide: 'Is that Kerouac?' "

True Bohemians in San Francisco have deserted Beatnikland by the score and want no part of the bearded nihilists who are its inhabitants. Ironically, Jack Kerouac, hero and poet laureate of the movement, neither wears a beard, comes from San Francisco, nor lives in San Francisco. For all I know he decrys the Beatniks; certainly he works hard and produces books, which seems to be against a basic Beatnik tenet right there.

In a recent and highly revealing article in *Escapade* magazine, Kerouac unburdened himself on the subject of how he came to be the writer he is:

> My position in the current American literary scene is simply that I got sick and tired of the conventional English sentence, which seemed to me so ironbound in its rules, so inadmissible with reference to the actual format of my mind as I had learned to probe it in the modern spirit of Freud and Jung, that I couldn't express myself through that form any more. How many sentences do you see in current novels that say, "The snow was on the ground, and it was difficult for the car to climb the hill"? By the childish device of taking what was originally two short sentences, and sticking in a comma with an "and," these great contemporary prose "craftsmen" think they have labored out a sentence. As far as I can see, it is two short sets of imagery belonging to a much longer sentence the total imagery of which would finally say something we never heard before if the writer dared to utter it out.
>
> Shame seems to be the key to repression in writing as well as in psychological malady. If you don't stick to what you first thought, and to the words the thought brought, what's the sense of bothering with it anyway, what's the sense of foisting your little lies on others? What I find to be really "stupefying in its unreadability" is this laborious and dreary lying called craft and revision by writers, and certainly recognized by the sharpest psychologists as sheer blockage of the mental spontaneous process known 2,500 years ago as "The Seven Streams of Swiftness."

In his newly published book—I cannot bring myself to call it a novel—Kerouac presumably has set out to show us the virtues of writing without that "laborious and dreary lying called craft and revision."

The result, unhappily, seems to me to be "stupefying in its unreadability." "Doctor Sax" is a series of mystical, unorganized reminiscenses of an autobiographical nature, the formula of which seems to have been: take one part of the murkiest of Kafka, two parts of Wolfe's stream-ingest thoughts, three parts of the most scatalogical of Joyce, and then mix them all together with neither taste nor selectivity.

In *SR*, March 21, 1959, John Fuller quoted poet Allen Ginsberg as saying ". . . and I can guarantee you that writers like Jack Kerouac are producing stuff which will be regarded as highly as James Joyce, ten years from now." One assumes that Ginsberg means "stuff" like this typical paragraph from "Doctor Sax." (I chose this example not because it is especially revealing or grotesque but because it was one of the few my eye fell upon that could be reprinted in a magazine which travels through the mails.)

> It was a funny song, at the end it had that 1930s lilt so hysterical Scott Fitzgerald, with writhely women squirmelying their we-a-ares in silk & brocade shiny New Year's Eve nightclub dresses with thrown champagne and popples busting "Gluyr! the New Year Eve Parade!" (and there, huge and preponderant, sprung the earth's river devouring to its monstrous sea).

The whole book is like that.

In Kerouac's "On the Road," though not a satisfying novel, one occasion-

"I want a fix."

ON THE ROAD TO DHARMA: The newest addition to the literature of the Beat Generation is William F. Brown's **"Beat Beat Beat"** (Signet, 35¢), a collection of "cool cartoons about life and love among the Beatniks." Garbed in striped sweaters and beards, these hipsters, as caricatured by ex-Princetonian Brown, take lightly to the bongo drums, but are earnest and devoted to the Kerouac creed.

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ally found flashes of fine writing, a vivid burst of description, a lovely incisive bit of characterization in a single sentence. But, except for the brief first chapter in the section entitled "The Night the Man with the Watermelon Died," I found nothing in "Doctor Sax" which might tend to lure me into trying Kerouac's system of writing without craft and revision.

I believe that there is a great confusion of terms in Kerouac's mind. Stringing dirty words together does not constitute courageous writing, sloppiness does not make spontaneity, and spilling out one's youthful neuroses does not always make for interesting and life-enhancing reading.

William Saroyan used to tell me that he never rewrote, and perhaps he didn't. But he had craftsmanship whether he was aware of it or not, and he had charm and compassion and invention and taste, and these are ingredients which seem to shriek of their absence in this work of Kerouac's.

Mississippi Is Their Mystique

"No Place to Run," by Philip Alston Stone *(Viking. 280 pp. $3.75) and* ***"Acres of Afternoon," by Babs H. Deal*** *(McKay. 307 pp. $3.95) are both first novels by Southern writers. They are considered in the context of contemporary Southern fiction by Shirley Ann Grau, now a resident of New Orleans, who is the author of "The Hard Blue Sky" and many stories.*

By Shirley Ann Grau

ALL new writers, I suppose, struggle for individuality, struggle to put the mark of their personality on the mass of words that is a novel. Young Southern writers seem to have a particularly difficult time attaining this goal. There are certainly many who try. Novel after novel emerges from the South. Nearly all have the same flaw: their authors are overwhelmed by the tradition of Southern writing.

Since the 1920s the poor backward South has produced a large part of the country's serious fiction—people like William Faulkner, Robert Penn Warren, Carson McCullers, E. M. Roberts, Eudora Welty, Erskine Caldwell. There are literally dozens of them. They are so very good, so technically expert, that they tend to fascinate young Southern novelists, absorb them—not unlike those pitcher plants that dot the Southern bogs.

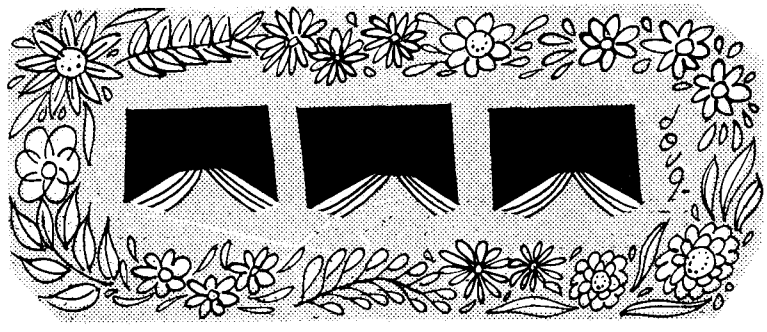
For example, the best of this past year's crop of new Southern novels was undoubtedly William Humphrey's "Home from the Hill." In many ways it is a fine book, brilliantly written, with a compelling sense of brooding destiny. It was very nearly a magnificent book—if only the influence of Faulkner were not so terribly evident.

In theory it is possible to learn from a man without imitating him. In practice this is rarely so. And a novel in which the shadows of a previous tradition are strong is, to my mind, just that much less a piece of good writing. It's a problem that plagues the South perhaps more than any other section of the country. It's a problem that each up-and-coming Southern writer has got to settle for himself.

The two first novels that this review is specifically concerned with are products of the deep South: Mississippi and Alabama. Philip Alston Stone's "No Place to Run" is the story of a gubernatorial election in Mississippi. Its hero is Gene Massie, an ex-sheriff who is campaigning against a rich judge from the capital city, Jackson. Massie has an embarrassing habit of running when things get difficult—the result of some traumatic childhood experiences. Usually he runs to a woman, one of them being Carol Garner, wife of Harry Garner, the town's schoolteacher. As the campaign progresses, the plot gets more and more involved. Massie's supporters file a false paternity suit against his opponent. Their plan backfires, and Massie is jailed by an unfriendly court just before the election. More plotting and Massie is freed. He goes on to win the election. By this time, however, Mr. Garner has found out about his wife and Massie, and he goes about getting his revenge

This book is a mixture of several Southern novels. In its pages one sees Faulkner and Caldwell and, even more, Robert Penn Warren. The book is heavily influenced by "All the King's Men," which was, by the way, a very good job of writing. The pages of "No Place to Run" are peopled with pure stereotypes: the Redneck Politician; the Aristocrat who is a traitor to his class because he knows where political power lies; the Lovely Nymphomaniac; the Idealistic Schoolteacher with his dreams of political reform; the Negroes with an Uncle Remus dialect. The sense of the macabre which is so important in Southern fiction becomes ludicrous in this book. For example, a country girl has her baby as she is passing along a back alley of the town. When she sees the baby lying there in the street she is kind of puzzled. Nobody told her she was pregnant. She does manage to figure out that the child must be hers because "she saw suddenly where the cord came from and where it went to." Honestly. It's on page 132.

IN "Acres of Afternoon" Babs H. Deal writes as if the tradition of Faulkner and company did not exist. She has even minimized the Southern aspects of her setting. We are told casually that this town is in Alabama, but it need not be. It is a small town in hilly country somewhere that could easily be the Midwest. The people are not particularly Southern in their mannerisms. As a matter of fact, they have a bit of the air of middle-class leisure that characterizes so many of the crisp Midwest stories in the pages of the women's magazines.



"Acres of Afternoon" is an exceedingly well-constructed book. It is beautifully organized, beautifully built. It is remarkably even, an unusual quality in novels. If it is never exactly breath-catching, it is uniformly good.

Mrs. Deal tells the story of Fletcher Hudson and the two men she is emotionally involved with during the summer of her college graduation. There is Howard, who is rich and respectable; there is Troy, who is socially unacceptable. It is a deftly

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operated triangle, played against a background of small-town pettiness and conformity. I have only one criticism: I do think that the use of accidental death to solve plot complications is so easy that it isn't fair.

"Acres of Afternoon" seems essentially a woman's book. Its meticulous detail, its careful description of clothes seem to me particularly feminine. The problems it describes are the very ones women seem to take special delight in reading about.

WELL-TROD ROAD: It's a shame that Erskine Caldwell in his new novel, **"Claudelle Inglish"** (Little, Brown, $3.75), is still imitating Caldwell in this, his thirty-eighth book. Since "Tobacco Road" (1932) he has written a series of vivid if uneven accounts of life and lust in the backwoods South. The South has not liked its picture as taken by the Georgia-born novelist.

But neither the South nor Mr. Caldwell can maintain the same indignation in the same form for twenty-seven years. As long ago as 1940 Clifton Fadiman suggested Caldwell was "beginning to repeat himself," and the quality of repetition has ranged from pretty good to pretty bad. Lately it has been pretty bad.

"Claudelle Inglish" reincarnates the character-types who have succeeded in past novels. There is a lecherous preacher whose wife's childlessness is influenced by her habit of wearing pajamas under her nightgowns. The usual leading citizen needs a woman in the Big House. Also present are the stranger who brings violence (this time impaling his rival on the radiator ornament of his fancy car), the unambitious sharecropper, and, of course, the girl who causes county-wide overall dropping. Pick your characters: Darling Jill, Simon Dye, Grady Dunbar, Jeeter Lester, Ty Ty Waller—all are here, but they are pretty tired.

Mr. Caldwell, perhaps tired himself, put in the old formulae but omitted any professional skills. Claudelle talks aloud for several chapters to establish background: how she loved a soldier not wisely but too well, was scorned, and from now on will only do it for money.

It is said Caldwell was bitter when Broadway received "Tobacco Road" as comedy, yet humor has always seasoned the raw taste of his plots and social commentary in an up-again, down-again career. Both are tried in the same way in "Claudelle Inglish" but the lesson is no longer about the South or a bad economic system. It is about the dullness of the same joke and the same cry of protest too often repeated in the same tone. —Doris Betts.

ART

Eulogy to a Volcanic Genius

"Picasso: His Life and Times," by Roland Penrose *(Harper. 392 pp. $6), is a worshipful, fact-packed delineation of the celebrated Spanish artist. Our reviewer, Alfred Werner, has long been associated with the magazine* Arts *and is the author of a forthcoming book on Picasso's coeval, Jules Pascin.*

By Alfred Werner

THE LONDONER Roland Penrose, a Surrealist painter, better known as an organizer of art exhibitions, and as the chairman of England's Institute of Contemporary Arts, is an ardent Picasso fan. Two years ago New York's Museum of Modern Art issued his "Portrait of Picasso," a visual record assembling scores of snapshots, self-portraits, caricatures, and other personal documents. The compiler's approach is summed up in these words: "Our gratitude to Pablo Picasso is immense."

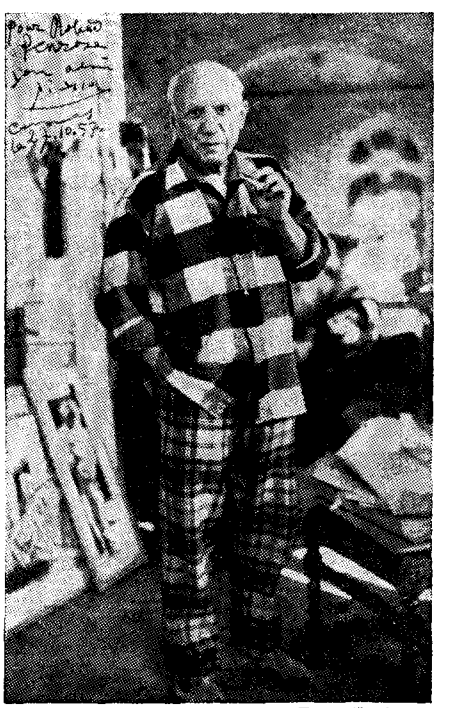
That Mr. Penrose is a trusting, uncritical worshipper of Picasso is again proven by his new, comprehensive biography. Whereas the Spaniard, given an audience, never stops clowning, his British disciple never ceases being dead-pan serious. Readability suffers, for the weight of the pedantic prose is never relieved by wit, unless it be a quotation from the Master himself. All of great Pablo's dicta are treated with the same reverence, from the child's cry "piz, piz" (for *lapiz*, pencil) to some of the septuagenarian's more trivial remarks on Reality in Art.

On the other hand, accuracy joyfully lifts its head: nowhere can one find a more reliable recital of all the domiciles Picasso established, of all the women he loved (and, in a few instances, wed), of his colorful friends, and of all his achievements in painting, sculpture, ceramics, and even the writing of verse and a "play." But there are none of the transitions from light to dark that one perceives in nature; there is only the gray of a book-filled study: whenever Picasso commits political follies, hurts a woman through his monumental egocentricity, or paints an abysmally bad picture, one should not expect Mr. Penrose to betray bewilderment by even the slightest inflection.

A less overawed biographer would have given us a more plausible, more lifelike Picasso. The present "Picasso" has no human weaknesses. One recalls, from the afore-mentioned picture book, a snapshot of the master wearing a mask of ceramic. Yet isn't the stony, immobile peasant face itself a mask which Penrose has failed to crack? Why all this obsessive activity in countless directions? Why so many "wives"? Why so many "styles"? Why so many wiles and whims?

Remaining an outsider after twenty-odd years of "friendship," permitted to take snapshots only, Penrose does not even begin to analyze the innermost heart of his incomprehensible hero. Perhaps the only one who knew this heart and was able to describe it was the impetuous beauty Fernande, who shared Picasso's life from 1904 to 1914, and because of her revelations that period (including the birth and rise of Cubism) is the liveliest in Penrose's book.

WE prefer this early searching Picasso, protégé of Gertrude Stein, to the thoroughly successful monomaniac of later days, and we like still better an earlier phase, the lean, hungry lad with long, untidy hair who was a master at twenty and had not yet ignored



—From the book.

Picasso in his studio . . . wives, styles.

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the critic's warnings of the lurking dangers of a "facile virtuosity."

Penrose's likes have no modulations. He is appallingly unselective even where he discusses Picasso's works, one after another. A campaign biography could not be less critical. Yet we must not close ourselves to the book's obvious merits. It is packed with facts, winnowed from the writings of Sabartés, Zervos, Breton, and many others, and deals with all who have ever made offerings to this insatiable Moloch. From a reverent distance the friend watches his god work "with the same urgency that he breathes," respecting his need for solitude during work, and understanding the alternating need for constant conviviality and gregariousness. Penrose may not have plumbed the inner recesses of the volcano, but he did not fail to note, astonished, the vast reservoir of vitality and sensibility in his hero, the never-faltering energy, the great regenerative power.

Those of us who believe that Matisse, for instance, or Braque, are purer artists than Picasso may not always concur in the Spaniard's elevation to the status of superman. But he did act as an emancipator in many ways, and on this score we agree with Penrose that Picasso's work has "freed art and in consequence it has freed us of false conceptions, of prejudices, and of blindness." If, in the process of this liberation, a lot of new absurdities have come in, Picasso cannot be blamed for them, and certainly not his always loyal biographer.

No one, indeed, can quarrel with Penrose's evaluation of Picasso as "a leader of undisputed brilliance" in a battle that should never come to an end.

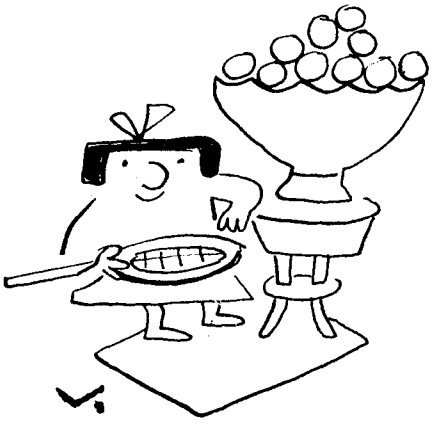
Truth Lives in the City of Art

"Sight and Insight," by Alexander Eliot *(McDowell, Obolensky. 191 pp. $3.50), is a mind's-eye analysis of the tension set up between the illustrative and latent contents in works of art. Selden Rodman, who initiated and directed the mural painting by primitive artists of the Cathedral St.-Trinité in Haiti, is the author of "Conversations with Artists" and, most recently, "Mexican Journal."*

By Selden Rodman

ONE MIGHT expect an art book by the art editor of *Time* to be full of amusing gossip, deflating pragmatism, outrageous puns—and indeed this author's "Three Hundred Years of American Painting" suffered to a certain extent from just these trademarks of a brilliant journalism—but Alexander Eliot's present book is all poetry. It was written in a Spanish fishing village, with plenty of the less frenetic sort of time, without "research," and without photographs. It is fresh without being brash, didactic without being dogmatic, sometimes mystical in its search for the truth behind the appearance, never warmed-over.

The title is exact. Works of art, ranging from Altamira and the Alhambra to Albers and the Abstract Expressionists, are recalled to the mind's eye as total experiences and then analyzed in terms of the tension set up between their illustrative and latent contents. For masterpieces in the great pictorial tradition, such as Titian's "Bacchanal," Bruegel's "Icaros," Velásquez's "Las Meniñas," and Goya's "Gallegos," this works wonderfully well, and Eliot is full of surprises. Titian has simply "proved that this harmony, this health of soul . . . is possible." With Bruegel the viewer himself becomes a part of the creative process: "One becomes Daedalus, and shares in his experience." (Only Auden has said something as profound, and quite different, about this picture.) Velásquez ". . . rid his mirror-world of monsters . . . People are the truth, he says: these people." And as for Goya's painting of two men clubbing each other to death, "To say in picture form that fighting hurts is easy. To say that mortal combat between men is madness takes a little more art. . . . To say all this and say as well that men are brothers—needs Goya."



But if it is the genius of Goya t seem to contradict the manifest con tent of a picture while actually illu minating it, what is one to say o those contemporary purists and ab stract expressionists who dispens with manifest content altogether? Ir his admirable desire to be no less affirmative, Eliot leaps into their pictures, but abandons the severe tests the Old Masters were required to pass. Consider this syllogism: "Albers always moves from the square toward the circle . . . Since everybody tries to do the same thing in himself—to include naturalness within rightness—Albers's art is humanistic." Or this:

> The abstract expressionist . . . communicates what? Self, they say. But what is the self trying to express? Itself, purely. What is this pure self? Has it no definable attributes? None, perhaps. In that case it is not the self at all; it is the soul, and the abstract expressionist's yearning is not so much to express as to possess it. But . . .

On an earlier page Eliot has given his own answer to such undemanding verbalization: "Teachers who follow the present fashion of insisting that art be a 'purely esthetic' experience clip the wings of sensibility *and cage the mind.*" (My italics.)

QUOTATIONS from this superbly quotable book will best convey Eliot's essential point of view, and his style:

> The city of art is mankind's common creation, common property, and common ground.
>
> The true mystery is that there are no mysteries in art. Or rather, there are just the central and eternal mysteries of life itself.
>
> Latent content lies in what the artist actually did, not only what he thought or proposed to do.
>
> Van Gogh painted in blissful communion with reality. He was the opposite of insane: he was more than sane.
>
> Character comes clearest where the artist is least concerned with self-expression.
>
> The artist repeats himself, with improvements.
>
> Art cannot be known, but only experienced.
>
> True realism is not literal but magical.
>
> To artists, visions—not ideas—are the breath of life.
>
> Masterpieces must have significance. Beauty shines not only to the eye but to the mind.
>
> The nature of great art is to convey spiritual truths.

Has any other of the very few good writers on art said more, or said it better?

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Split-Level Lives with Father

'Edwardian Daughter,' by Sonia Keppel *(British Book Centre. 211 pp. $4.50),* ***"The Shabby Paradise," by Eileen Baillie*** *(British Book Centre. 222 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Look Back in Love," by Beatrice Hawker*** *(Longmans, Green. 149 pp. $3.75), by equally devoted daughters, admirably describe the three classes of English life as lived by normal, happy, intelligent members during the early years of this century. Anne Fremantle was herself born into the upper storey of British society.*

By Anne Fremantle

BEFORE World War II the British, like the ancient Gauls, were divided into three parts, the upper, middle, and lower classes. It is remarkable how separately the three strata lived. In Sonia Keppel's book there is practically no contact between the upper and the middle class at all: two doctors briefly appear professionally, and one clergyman—a bishop—does not. In Beatrice Hawker's lower-class chronicle no member of the upper, and only one of the middle, classes ever appear. It is Eileen Baillie, the middle-class clergy-daughter whose contacts are, as might be expected, the widest. Because her father chose to abandon a fat living in Lancaster Gate, and instead accepted a slum parish in Poplar, Eileen saw, through the bars of her nursery window, and on her walks with her beloved Nanny, many people of whose mode of existence Sonia Keppel was —and perhaps still is—unaware.

Once, however, Sonia's lovely mother drove in Lord Alington's beautiful carriage to Hoxton. Hoxton, Sonia explains, is "a poor slum in east London where Lord Alington owned a lot of property. Hitherto he had not visited it . . . altogether the drive took three hours, and, at the end of it, Lord Alington was speechless and miserable. As he dropped her at home Mamma thanked him enthusiastically. 'I do think it was charming of you to let me see Hoxton as it is now,' she said. 'Next time I go there I shan't recognize it.' I hope she was right," Sonia comments, but did not herself visit Hoxton to verify.

For a decade Eileen Baillie lived in worse slums than Hoxton, "east of Aldgate Pump" in a region even many born Londoners have never seen. They were the happiest years of her father's life: he had more than 1,000 children for Sunday school, and a real ministry: for his parishioners "going to college" meant doing time in jail; their only amusement, in those pre-movie, pre-telly days was the pub, where a man (or, more rarely, a woman) could get "drunk for a penny, dead drunk for tuppence," on gin. Little Eileen's baby joy was to watch the drunken street fights, the cop's arrival, all the passionate curbstone life, from behind the vicarage's grimy garden fence.

Unlike the Hindus, whose clergy rank above their warriors, the British cloth (with the exception of younger sons of the nobility) is middle-class. Eileen Baillie has some bitter things to say about the two squires' wives who never dreamed of asking the clergy and their wives to dine, and thought even tea unnecessarily cordial. But her father smoked a pipe as a precaution, for the members of his flock were not, Eileen says, very well washed. "The East End builder of those days had not progressed very far beyond the mentality of Octavia Hill, who said, 'If you have water on every floor, that is quite enough for working people.' "

She brilliantly describes the continual contrasts of her dichotomous existence. Inside the rectory, the pretty drawing room where even royalty might (and did once) visit; outside, bleak courts of stark poverty, the houses dwarfed by the high brick wall of a factory; long, straight avenues of the cheapest kind of hovel; dreary stretches of brick, as claustrophobic in the sullen veiled sunshine of an airless June as in the cold saffron murk of a November twilight. Sliding down mountains of brown sugar in the docks, watching tigers and boa constrictors (a telltale bulge representing dinner) being unloaded for the zoo; bicycling through the horse-drawn traffic, tandem behind her adored father, or watching him processing through the streets with the Bishop of Stepney—to cockney comment: "Cor! Look, Bill 'ere's a chap wearing an 'earthrug" . . . "Strewth! Look at the old bloke in the crocodile 'at!" . . . "Crocodile 'at? That the bleedin tea-cosy": these things were fun; the children sewn into layers of brown paper from November to March, the apparently iridescent wallpaper, which was alive and crawling with vermin, the white-faced, peaky kids waiting day-long outside the bars for their folk to stagger out: these things were not.

In each of these three books it was the father who centered his daughter's life. Beatrice's was to her almost an image of the God he so deeply loved and with whom he had an I-thou relationship that she was herself to experience at the time of her own conversion. Eileen's father—who had both rowed and played rugger for his university, who drove the big, brass-lamped car and rode a great gray hunter at *his* father's, and who every summer took Eileen sailing on his thirty-four-foot, four-ton Bermudan cutter (which she learned to handle at the age of eight)—was obviously any child's ideal man. Sonia's father —six-foot-four, with bright eyes and black hair, who accompanied Mamma and "Kingy" (King Edward VII) to Biarritz, and to stay in the various "great houses" of England where Kingy and Mrs. George Keppel were inevitably asked together—was a St.

—From "The Shabby Paradise."

(*Continued on page* 39)

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Science and Moral Illiteracy

THE man gave his name and introduced himself as a scientist attached to a university research laboratory doing work for the Atomic Energy Commission. He said he was troubled by *SR*'s position on the dangers of radioactive contamination from nuclear explosions.

"Modern civilization imposes many risks," he commented. "We must learn to accept these risks as part of the price we pay for enjoying the benefits of a complex industrial society. Consider, for example, the problem of fumes and gases from power plants, trucks, buses, cars. No one knows how many people each year develop serious lung troubles from these causes. Even more to the point, consider the fact that 37,000 people are killed each year on the highways.

"Now, no one has seriously suggested that we ought to give up our automobiles. We do our best to reduce fatalities, but we don't legislate against the use of cars. We've got to develop the same mature attitude about the hazards of radioactive fallout. We've got to learn to accept radiation as an additional risk that goes with modern civilization.

"Finally," he said, "the percentage of the world's people who might be hurt by radiation is only a tiny fraction—as low, perhaps, as one-thousandth of 1 per cent each year. Surely, you can't believe that this is a significant figure alongside all the other problems of national security we have to take into account."

I had heard similar statements before. Even so, it was difficult not to be shocked by what appeared to me to be the moral illiteracy of a highly educated man. Everything he said was technically true. His figures about automobile accidents were absolutely correct. But cold and disconnected arithmetic is not a sturdy enough base for a responsible public policy. Facts without logic can be a species of madness. Even more disturbing in the scientist's argument was the implication that the moment people learn to live with an evil involving the loss of thousands of lives they are justified in accepting even greater evils.

No one can deny that we are foolishly allowing our industrial civilization to foul the air with exhaust from millions of engines. Nor can we deny that the desire to get swiftly and conveniently from one place to another has resulted at times in the conversion of some streets into human abbatoirs. But does this mean that responsibility in government or public policy is no longer important? Or that life now ceases to be infinitely precious? Or that we must desensitize ourselves to human pain and disease and become both casual and callous about violence? Are we to dispense with human indignation over the fact that the sky is being used as an open sewer for the disposal of poisonous wastes—

wastes that will come back to earth and get into food and blood and bone?

As for the argument that only a "tiny fraction" of the world's population is involved, it may be helpful to bear in mind that fractions do not have metabolism or abnormal growth but people do. One-thousandth of 1 per cent may seem infinitesimal in the frigid computations of a scientist but it translates into 25,000 human beings a year. It is possible that my visitor, if he himself had to press the button that would destroy 25,000 specific people each year, might resist the philosophic calm with which he now views the issue of nuclear explosions. But the moment the problem can be reduced for him to an abstraction or percentage it apparently becomes readily negotiable.

Even more fundamental, of course, is the fact that people who do not wish to subject themselves to the risk of highway accidents have the option of staying off the highways, or out of cars altogether. But there is no option where radioactive strontium is concerned, neither for us nor anyone else. And the heart of the matter is that we have not asked—nor have the Russians nor the English—the permission of other peoples to foul up their air, dust their lands with radioactive poisons, and jeopardize the lives of children in particular. There is no way to confine the precipitation to the lands of the nation that sets off the explosives.

There is strong reason to doubt that the scientist who visited our offices is representative of the views of the scientific community. In fact, most of the opposition to a policy of indifference on radiation has come from within science itself. Just the same, the doctrine of inevitability and fatalism expounded by our visitor is by no means a solitary one. It has been evidenced occasionally on policy making levels. To the extent that this attitude exists it may indicate the need to do some fundamental rethinking about the education of scientists.

No emphasis in American education is greater today than on turning out more scientists. But this will not necessarily produce educated men or good citizens. We can outstrip the Russians both in the number of physicists we produce and in their inventive power. But whether we will have a better design for living and for maintaining a creative freedom will depend on our reasoning power, on our ability to develop essential values, and on the standing we enjoy among our neighbors in the world community. Respect for the fragility and importance of an individual life is still the first mark of the educated man.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ADMIRABLE TREATMENT

CONGRATULATIONS ON THE issue devoted to National Library Week (*SR* April 11). Your editorial sums up the situation admirably. Could the various "Friends of Libraries" groups across the country be reorganized and expanded to do some of the things you suggest? Lawrence Clark Powell's article was particularly stimulating. Like him, I believe that librarianship is first and foremost a *service* profession. Cordiality and book knowledge are essential. I do not agree that emphasis on research has been at the expense of the fundamentals. After seven years in the profession, I am now working for my Ph.D. at the University of Michigan. Here, at least, the student has ample opportunity to broaden and deepen his book knowledge through specialized courses in subject bibliography.

A. ROBERT ROGERS.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

COPYING THE ARTICLE

I WAS MOST APPRECIATIVE of the article by Lawrence C. Powell about the purpose and function of librarians. I am entering the Library School at Rutgers in September (where, incidentally, my degree will be one of "service" rather than "science"), and Mr. Powell's ideas echo my own thoughts with remarkable fidelity.

There are so many things which I might repeat to reinforce my own opinions, but in the final analysis it would mean copying the article intact.

ROBB MCKENZIE.

Worcester, Mass.

EXACTLY WHAT'S NEEDED

THE EDITORIAL CONCERNING public libraries is exactly what is needed to encourage individuals and groups to take steps to correct an inequitable library situation. The basic problem is that the growth of knowledge and its application and use are increasing much more rapidly than the ability of our states and municipalities to keep up with the support of existing libraries and to start new libraries where they are needed. The New Jersey Association, of which I am legislation chairman, now has a bill in the legislature of our state calling for state aid to public libraries. This bill has already passed the New Jersey Senate and is before our Assembly.

We should like very much to place copies of your editorial on the desk of each legislator along with our own message concerning the bill.

JAMES E. BRYAN.

Newark, N.J.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

I HIGHLY COMMEND you on your article "Has the Library of Congress Been Shelved?" It is an excellent description of the Library's present status, and should be studied carefully by all concerned.

"You know what—I'm going to be President of the United States when I grow up!"

May I note one particular difficulty that would be untangled if the Library's budget were increased? In the Prints and Photographs Division, because of insufficient personnel, many priceless photographs have been untouched for fifty years and buried in the stacks of dusty, filthy pictures still to be worked on in the "arrearage."

It is time to act. If four people were added to the present nine in that division, the job could be finished in a year. Of course, this is only one case of insufficient personnel in the library.

D. E. COOPER.

Washington, D.C.

TOOK IT FOR GRANTED

I HAVE JUST finished reading A. L. Todd's article, "Has the Library of Congress Been Shelved?" Permit me to say that I was one of those who never thought very extensively about the Library of Congress; I simply took it for granted. Thank you for such articles as this one by Mr. Todd; and allow me to offer my very sincere compliments to *SR* upon the fearlessness and courage which it takes upon issues of the day.

(THE REV.) CHARLES W. KAMPMEYER.

Harmony, Pa.

PRACTICAL STAND

AS A PUBLIC LIBRARY head, I want to express my sincere appreciation for the vigorous editorial "Save the Libraries."

Those of us who are trying to obtain enough for libraries from hard-pressed municipal budgets, in competition with super highways and super bombs, can be cheered by your strong and practical stand. The good spirit engendered by your editorial is somewhat diminished in my mind by the article on page eighteen of the same issue.

I don't think I mind honest criticism but I am getting a little tired, as a practising librarian, of the carping kind that the defenders of Oz are provoked to make. It is difficult to understand how you expect the public to think much of librarians and the library movement, when you print an article that conveys an impression of librarians as being thoroughly incompetent and inconsequential.

The Oz matter is particularly inappropriate when you consider that there is strong reason for suspecting that the whole matter was blown up as a piece of press agentry as a part of the Michigan State University edition of "The Wizard."

This particular kind of nonsense does no good for public libraries.

MEREDITH BLOSS.

New Haven, Conn.

ON WITH OZ

IT WAS WITH great pleasure and the heartiest concurrence that I read Martin Gardner's article on "Librarians in Oz." Though now a grandmother, I can still vividly remember the enchanting hours I spent with Dorothy and the Wizard. Why should countless children be deprived of this magic by the pedestrian and unimaginative few? Citizens of the Emerald City, to arms against the earth chained Dodds!

KATHERINE Y. BOEGEHOLD.

Orchard Lake, Mich.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Lonely American

Waco, Tex.

IT IS immensely appropriate that the world premiere of a play based on Thomas Wolfe's "Of Time and the River" takes place at the Baylor University Theatre. For its director and driving force, Paul Baker, approaches the theatre with the same sort of size-hungry appetite that distinguishes Wolfe's writing. Disdaining the confinement of conventional picture frame stages, Mr. Baker surrounds his audience with action on three sides. And, while his point of view remains homespun, he jumps outside the narrowness of trite theatrical method by applying the principles of modern art and modern engineering to the theatre.

Thus **"Of Time and the River"** opens with Thomas Wolfe writing in silhouette behind a scrim curtain while his amplified voice tells us that this play is to be America "seen and felt through one man who has in him the whole consciousness of his people and nation." Not a romantic figure, but a man "unashamed to recall the intolerable memory of the ten million seconds and moments of your life."

This is a big order, and Mr. Baker helps his author by inventing a chorus of Wolfe's five senses plus two who stand for the twin poles, Time or memory, and the River or change. These speak and perform many of Wolfe's lyrical but somewhat indigestible paragraphs. This cubist approach to Wolfe's reflections makes visible and lively what might have been amorphous chunks of verbosity.

The play picks up Wolfe (under the pseudonym of Eugene Gant) a little while after the point where "Look Homeward Angel" left him. He is bound for Harvard and the first act consists of the journey from North Carolina, with a stop at Baltimore to say goodbye to his dying father, and his experiences in Cambridge. Most of the scenes are naturalistic vignettes with an emphasis on color and humor. However, at times visual devices add dimension to the story. These include the aforementioned chorus of senses who perform in a purple light, a flashback of the twelve-year-old Eugene and his brother Ben, and color motion pictures and slide projections prepared partly by Baylor students and partly by *Life* photographer Eliot Elisofon.

In Act II we follow Eugene to New York, and here Mr. Elisofon has used colored lights and compositions of human figures behind three scrim curtains (see photograph) to achieve a poetic statement of urban bewilderment and loneliness.

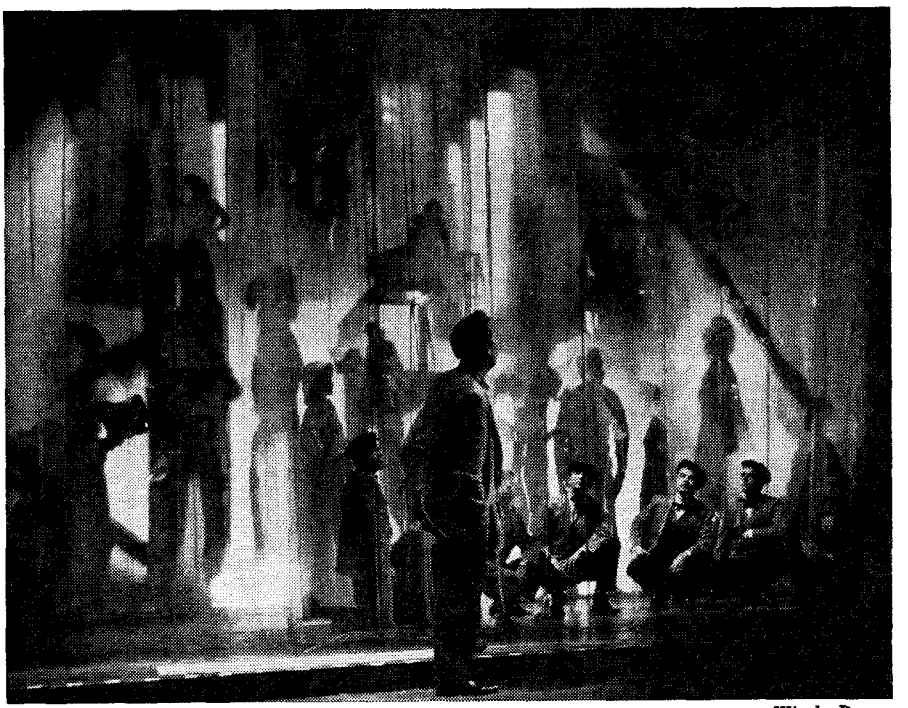
In the final act he heads for Europe and we see him shift from being an observer of life around him to being a participant in it. After finding no door into the English way of life, he moves on to Paris and is torn apart by a frustrated love affair and the decadence of the American colony there. He ends his journey in an old village square in Southern France where he finds "the life of twenty years ago in the quiet leafy streets and little towns of an America that had been lost beneath the savage roar of its machinery." And this miracle of temporary oneness with a memory of the past is the real ending of the play.

The task of preparing such a formidable and ground-breaking production as this is huge and it is a tribute not only to Mr. Baker's vision but also to his ability to organize a collaboration involving more than a hundred students and faculty that so much of it has been achieved so efficiently. The objective of preserving the quality of Wolfe at all cost took courage and discipline, for the natural tendency of any adaptor (Baylor had a corps of nine) is to make a play better on his own terms. For instance, "Of Time and the River" would certainly be more engrossing if Eugene were made a suffering protagonist from the start. Or it would be more dramatic if Eugene was given some momentous decision to make. But it might also be less Wolfe-like as indeed turned out to be the case in Ketti Frings's adaptation of "Look Homeward Angel."

What we have instead is a well-performed presentation of Wolfe *with all his faults.* These are many. He overwrites. He rambles through episode after episode without ever seeming to know why he is telling it to us. And his effusions of exultation and torment do not always seem to come from or lead to the action of the episodes. But these faults are a part of Wolfe's artistic identity and by unashamedly preserving them the Paul Baker production has also preserved it.

Because Waco is not Broadway, "Of Time and the River" can continue to be worked on, experimented with, and improved. More unity of style and script clarification can be introduced gradually with constant care not to lose any of Wolfe, as the drama and beauty are increased. For, "Of Time and the River" has the makings of an American stage classic well worth keeping in the repertoire of the new Frank Lloyd Wright-designed Dallas Theatre Center which Paul Baker will open this December.

—HENRY HEWES.



—Windy Drum.

New York scene from "Of Time and the River" . . . urban bewilderment and loneliness.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

All This and Heaven, Too

FOR the first twenty minutes or so of **"The World, the Flesh, and the Devil,"** Harry Belafonte seems to be the last man left alive on an earth devastated by some sort of radioactive cloud. Trapped by a coal mine cave-in for five days, he eventually clambers out, to be confronted by the millennium. He heads north in a new Chrysler that he drives right through the plate glass window of a showroom, filling the tank from convenient gas tanks along the empty way. When he reaches New York he finds the city devoid of human habitation, and wanders along Broadway shouting, "Is anyone here?" These twenty minutes are the best in the film, and Mr. Belafonte has a variety of reactions to show his mounting bewilderment, fear and panic, along with an awesome sense of loneliness. Ranald MacDougald, who both wrote and directed the movie, seemed to have taken hold of something interesting, up to this point, but when a girl, in the person of Inger Stevens, arrives on the unusual scene, the story not only goes downhill, but dissolves into un-radioactive silliness.

The lethal cloud, we are given to understand, loses its potency after five days, thus making it safe to walk around. Miss Stevens kept alive by staying in an underground chamber; not so well explained is the arrival of Mel Ferrer, who comes sailing up the East River in a boat and docks at what appears to be Sutton Place. The two men must then settle the issue of what to do about the girl. The triangular situation is of course complicated by the fact that one of the males is a Negro. Segregationist Southerners and the South African government will be heartened to know that even in a relatively empty world the race problem continues. Having brought up the issue, Mr. MacDougald then handles it like an unbearably hot potato. He presupposes an attraction between Mr. Belafonte and Miss Stevens, but they merely circle around each other warily, while Mr. Ferrer more forthrightly decides the thing to do is for him to shoot his rival. The end of the picture, however, has the three settling their differences in some unexplained way, and walking down Rector Street hand in hand. Are we to assume that some sort of polygamous arrangement has been worked out, or will the three thenceforth lead entirely sexless lives, thus dooming both white and colored races to extinction?

No answer being given, we must assume that the color question was injected into the story more as a gimmick than out of any real seriousness. The original M. P. Shiel story, on which the film has been based, has been lying around Hollywood for a couple of decades, and assumed the three survivors of the holocaust to be of Caucasion derivation. If Mr. MacDougald had stuck entirely to fantasy he might have been better off. As it is, both he, as director, and his actors, become limp trying to avoid the issue, once it has been raised. Showing New York empty, by the way, was quite a trick—that is, if you manage to stop wondering where the bodies are, and why seagulls are still flying around.

* * *

An Austrian film, **"Embezzled Heaven,"** taken from the Franz Werfel novel, tells the story of an elderly domestic who tries to ensure her place in heaven by supporting a worthless nephew through what she assumes to be seminary training for the priesthood. The nephew, however, has been swindling her, and when she discovers this fact the domestic goes on a pilgrimage to Rome to expiate her foolish sins. There she trots around seeing the sights, attends a Papal audience, and dies blissfully happy, after having been given a special Papal blessing. Annie Rosar, who plays the old cook, does nicely with the role, but the most spectacular scenes have relatively little to do with the main story, for these show the late Pope Pius XII in all the pomp and panoply of one of his last audiences.

All in all, the movie adds up to a pleasant little item, with the scenes in Rome and the Vatican as a bonus.

* * *

A German import called **"Jonas"** struck me as an awful bore. It is frankly an experiment, and I am all on the side of experiment in films—but not necessarily on those that attempt to express the guilt-laden emptiness of modern life. Jonas is a dull young man who buys a hat, loses it, steals one in its place, destroys it, and so on. There is a hat shop that appears to be symbolic of something, an inarticulate girl, and a lot of flashy editing that won it some German awards for "cinematic excellence." "Jonas" would appear to argue for a certain restraint in that direction.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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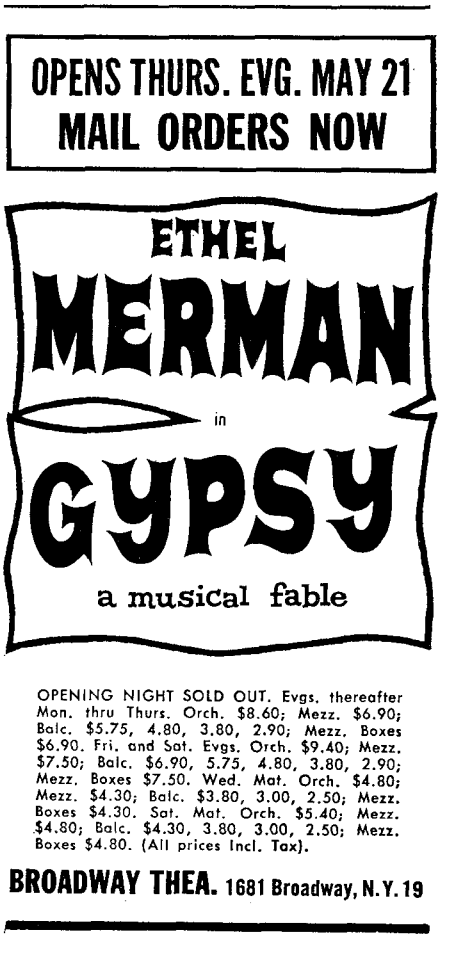
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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Romeo" from Russia—Rorem, Russo, Fine

EVERY anticipation was high for the performance of "Romeo and Juliet" in the Metropolitan Opera House which brought the Bolshoi Ballet to America for the first time, to crown an effort by S. Hurok dating to 1924. After acquaintance with the best that had been developed in the West (the "imitations" of our own as well as the prime products of England, France and Denmark) this was at last the exclusive, the unique, the inherently superior. Much of "Romeo" was exclusive and unique, but in sum it showed different assets and liabilities rather than a total credit balance.

As spectacle and pageantry, the celebrated production of Leonid Lavrovsky based on Serge Prokofiev's rich (if repetitive) score is lit by moments of memorable group effort: as choreography and dance, it tells the tale clearly if not concisely, in methods that look to the past rather than the present or future: as total theatrical production it leaves one with the feeling that art, like people, may suffer from in-breeding, that new blood and fresh influences are as vital to the health of one as the other.

No Western company can match the human fibre of this one, with its layers of excellent principals, its superbly trained, completely integrated ensemble, so thoroughly disciplined that it can afford the luxury of Yuri Faier's musicianship and fervor, though he is all but blind and can barely discern the shapes on stage from the conductor's desk. A superlatively blended corps is distinguished by a male complement equal in bodily discipline and balletic grace to the fer le because they, too, embrace this profession in childhood (a rarity among Western youth). What was seen of the much lauded Galina Ulanova certifies her as pre-eminent in her art, not only because she retains a miraculous precision and subtlety of line at an age when most others have retired, but also for an unending labor at self-improvement which gives her a bodily command second to none. By comparison with such of her colleagues as Fonteyn, Markova and the well-remembered Danilova, however, she spread no such aura of charm at her first appearance as these did. Her young successor (as the second night Juliet) Raissa Struchkova shed more radiance on the scene while lilting joyously through Lavrovsky's choreography.

The qualities of this are best reflected by what comes quickest to recollection: the dashing sword play of the street fight in Act I, the stately ensemble dance at the Capulet ball, the mass grief for Tybalt's death which brings down the curtain on Act II, the sombre pageantry which follows the double demise at the end. In these, the Russian genius for manipulation of masses recalls typical crowd action in their classic films. It made its striking effect even though Pyotor Viliams's scenery and costumes tend to be grandiose rather than impressive (suggestive of no consistent style), and are garish rather than colorful.

It is in Lavrovsky's disposition of the individuals whose emotions are keyed to the names of Romeo and Juliet that the confining influence of the past is most conspicuous. Antony Tudor's treatment of the same subject (likewise the Ashton-Danish Ballet version of the Prokofiev score) was hardly so monumental, but his protagonists involved us much more, emotionally, than Lavrovsky's. We watch what is happening with a curiosity to see *how* it is done, rather than being concerned with what is conveyed. International ballet has gained so much from the thinking and feeling of so many diverse elements in four or five decades—English and Irish, American and French as well as Russian—that this specimen of Russian "Russian ballet" strikes the objective eye as retrogressive.

THUS, such a stalwart figure as Yuri Zhdanov presents in Romeo qualifies him superbly for his duties vis-a-vis Juliet (up to and including a difficult series of lifts in the tomb scene, when many another male dancer would be spent from his evening's work) though he is not the picture of romantic appeal we think of as Romeo. The supporting men were all excellent, with Konstantin Rikhter a striking hot blood of a Tybalt, Alexander Lapauri a believable Paris and Yaroslav Sekh a notably fine Mercutio. The further strength in depth of this company was suggested by Sekh's replacement at the second performance by Vladimir Levashev, who might have graced the premiere with equal honors.

The season of the Bolshoi promises to be a time of discovery and education, in which we may learn as much about our own efforts as we do about the Russian. Certainly we can envy the long-term planning, the devoted effort over generations which, alone, can produce such an ensemble, the high level of musical performance demanded by Faier (including a well-cymballed "Star Spangled Banner" which made most such efforts of our own sound pale and treasonous). What we have to offer in the "cultural exchange" will become more evident as the repertory unfolds.

THREE new works on a single orchestral program may be dangerous both for the composers and the listeners, but Leonard Bernstein's sense of balance provided all concerned with their due at a Philharmonic concert beginning with Irving Fine's "Serious Song" for strings, and followed by symphonies of Ned Rorem (No. 3) and William Russo (No. 2). Clearly, Fine's high-minded, exquisitely wrought "Serious Song" has a character of its own, as did the scores of Rorem and Russo. Out of much of a decade spent abroad, Rorem has evolved an idiom of refinement and elegance to express his counterpulls: the seductions of French thought and way of life, the irresistible call of home, problems, and possibly fulfillment. The jazzy scherzo and the light-hearted finale suggested a slightly superficial resolution of problems, but they clearly appealed to his listeners.

Russo's symphony (subtitled "Titans") deals with a more tortuous search for identity, in which a background as arranger and composer of jazz contest with a foreground of serious concentration on durable musical values. By comparison with such a synthetic as Rolf Liebermann's "Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra," Russo's sound strives for a genuine bind of elements, the brass choir in particular taking on a deeper, more integrated character. Russo's ideas (riff-derived) have a singing appeal that promises well, though the use of Maynard Ferguson's high-wire trumpet act in the finale put the emphasis on stunt rather than style.

There was also something new in Isaac Stern's playing of the Beethoven concerto: not in validity of style or security of expression, which have been constant since he played the work here in 1957 with the Philadelphia Orchestra, but in cadenza material derived from those written by Beethoven for his piano version of the concerto.

Stern's admirable impulse to make the composer his own spokesman throughout (aided by editing of Alexander Zaikin) was balked by one fact: the patterns are not violinistic, and weaken, rather than strengthen, the total effect. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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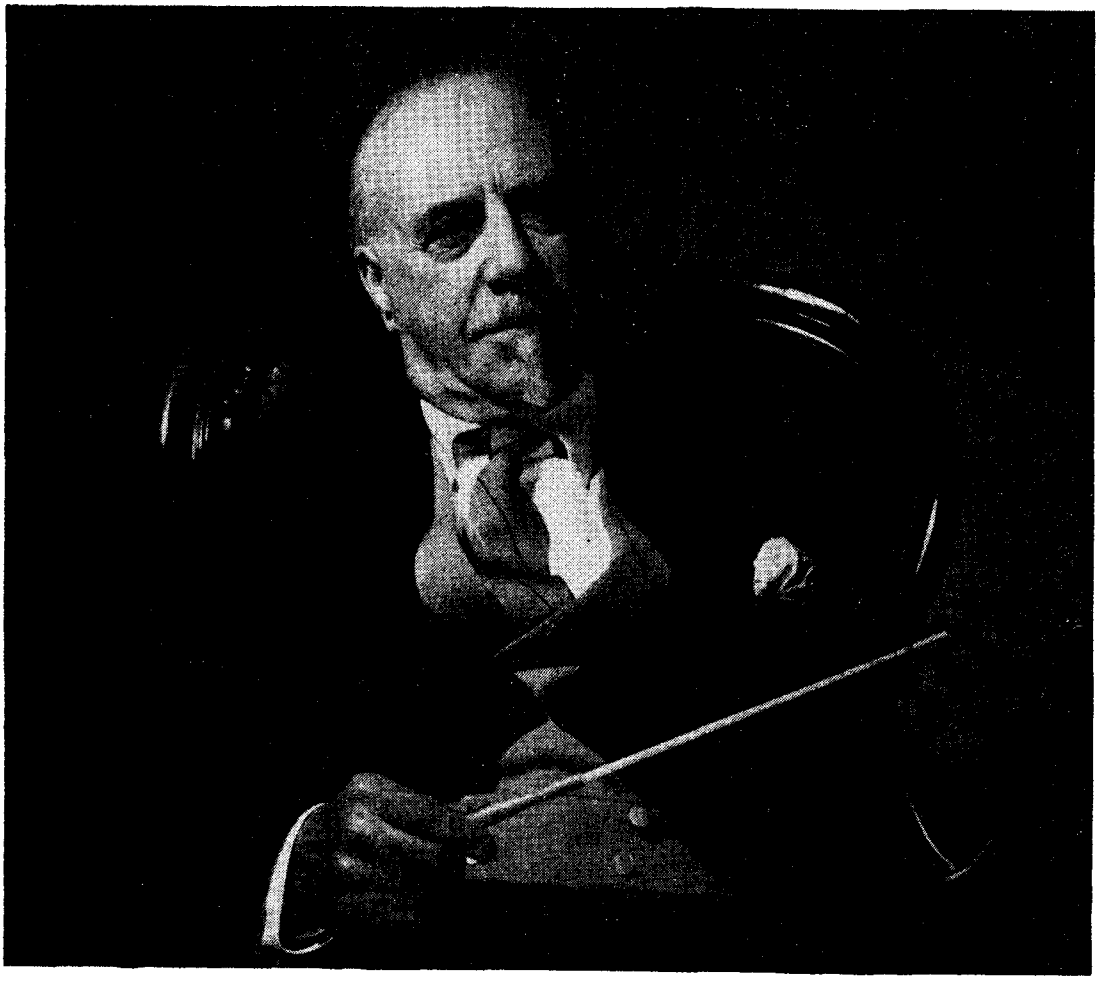

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TV AND RADIO

A Thinking Man's Filter

ONE small thing that bothers even moderately literate students of the behavior of commercial broadcasters in this country is the sophisticated and meretricious argument with which they defend themselves in their off-the-air debates with public detractors. It might be damaging—but how refreshingly candid—for them to say to their critics: "Look here, by hard work, ability and capital investment, we have researched and established a market, monopolized access to it, and we mean to keep it that way, as long as we can!" Instead, they are repeatedly caught in their official documents and pronouncements making errors in rhetoric that offend sensitive souls who have a passion—if not for the public interest—at least for the purity and cogency of verbal communications. Recent offenders are two of the most highly placed executives in the industry.

Robert E. Kintner, president of the National Broadcasting Company, replied to a letter on behalf of General Sarnoff of RCA, the parent corporation. The letter had been written to the General by Dr. Edward B. Benedict, of the Harvard Medical School, who is a member of NAFBRAT (National Association for Better Radio and TV). Dr. Benedict complained about "Terror Town," an installment in the filmed (MCA) "Cimmaron City" series. Quoting *New York Times* critic Jack Gould, Dr. Benedict alleged that the program was "a sick and unhealthy excursion into torture, cruelty and avarice. Murdering people, throwing molten lead into a man's eyes and operating a slave labor mine under medieval conditions were among the features of the presentation." RCA was the sponsor; and the NAFBRAT member hoped it would "no longer sponsor such programs," and that "crime pictures" and their "bad influence on children" would be eliminated entirely from TV. Mr. Kintner politely reassured the writer of RCA's "high standards of good taste," and reduced the issue to a difference of personal opinion. Included in his reply, however, was this example of euphemism and question-begging: "I think you must agree that this was not a 'crime picture' as you described it but rather a period Western with an historical background. As a Western series it relies on physical action equally as much as does any other Western program on any of the networks."

Louis G. Cowan, president of CBS, in the last annual report to CBS stockholders, commented on "critical attention directed to TV programming." He argued that "in order to survive economically, and continue to be an expression and instrument of a democratic society, network TV . . . must try to serve the interest of most of the people most of the time." No one can quarrel with the logic of economic survival. But to equate the hoary "what-the-people-want" gambit with being "an expression and instrument of democratic society," is, as the script-writers say, "opening up a can of peas." You may argue (perhaps as Congress intended in writing the Communications Act) from here to philosophic doomsday about "interest"—but the precise meaning of "expression and instrument of democratic society" is indeed a modern how-many-angels on the head of a pin exercise. "It is a responsibility . . . an economic necessity to satisfy the public taste and to be progressively ahead of that taste with new experiments in programming, so that the public, if it chooses, may develop new and different tastes."

The "public" is at every occasion pictured by the intellectuals among the broadcasters as having the ultimate, real choice in programming. This assumption is being more persuasively challenged each literary season by analysts of our society who argue that our culture commits us all to our choices from very infancy; and there are those who maintain that the mass media are the foremost moulders and restricters of public taste among audiences which are essentially regarded as merely units of conspicuous consumption. To make the debate lively the broadcasters need more rigor in their case. They could lead from the assumption that the type of programming we have is the price we must pay to maintain our high standard of material living. They could assert that the so-called common sense of the average man is actually wiser in the long run than the fickle insights of the intellectual.

The kind of reasoning exemplified in these exhibits may go well in the trade and among stockholders. It doesn't smoke well in a thinking man's filter. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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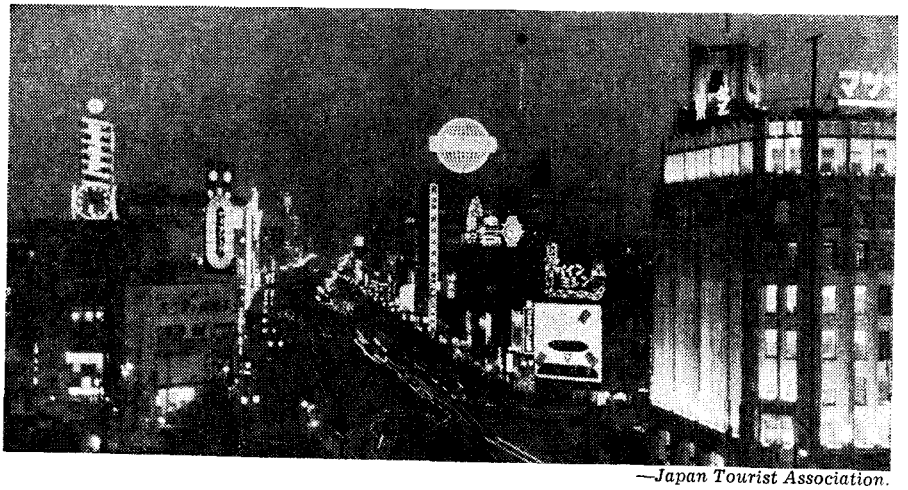
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Jet Trails Around the World—10: Rising Daughter



—Japan Tourist Association.

Tokyo's Ginza: "It could have been Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth."

TOKYO.

WE were a clubby and altogether cosmopolitan congregation aboard the afternoon flight that buzzes up from Hong Kong to Tokyo, landing at Haneda Airport in the late evening. The lady in the *obi*, who was the hostess, was pouring Pommery and Greno, 1952, and with it she served finger sandwiches or Japanese *sushi*, your choice. *Sushi* is raw fish wrapped in seaweed on rice, and I recalled with what gusto boxes of it are demolished by the stout-hearted ladies who attend the five-hour long matinees of the Kabuki plays. I had last seen them, come to think of it, the same year that Pommery and Greno were busy corking this particular bottle, little thinking, as who could in Rheims or Epernay, that it would one day wash down a morsel of raw fish, munched by a Japanese 17,000 feet over the sea between the China coast and Japan.

I was hardly ready for the modernity of Tokyo's airport, or for that matter for the Imperial Hotel, for when I was last here six years ago the Imperial was still the gloomy Frank Lloyd Wright structure which had, it is true, survived the famous earthquake of 1923, but had little else to recommend it. I often wondered how it had survived the knocks that it had received from the heads of Westerners trying to get through the low-hanging doorways. I wondered how its Western guests had avoided cracking their sacroiliacs while bending down to the washstands that were very carefully constructed to accommodate the small Japanese.

Although the original building had survived progress as well as the earthquake, it had become, in fact, only an annex for the sentimental (and perhaps for the short in stature) to the new Imperial which had been built in the intervening years. A block of 200 rooms was added in 1954 and a huge addition of 450 rooms opened last August. The new wings have been built to standard western hotel size, I am pleased to note, although many of the suites retain a Nipponese air with reproductions of the national treasures and wall paper that duplicates an old Imperial crest. The master bedroom of the six-room Imperial suite comes equipped with a bedside control board for the radio, the news piped privately by the hotel, the ceiling light, and the switch and channel selector for the television set that is recessed in the opposite wall. The fare for this kind of living is just under $100 a day, but aside from the royal, presidential and ambassadorial suites there are other rooms of modest price and modern equipment as well as a few Japanese style chambers complete with a rock garden pathway to the washroom, which incidentally, has a tiled bath and ice water tap.

One can of course find *sukiyaki* in the Imperial served on the floor, but there is a Western-style Cafe Terrace which functions as a grill room and a main dining room, as well as a smorgasbord restaurant. If I have understood Mr. Tetsuzo Inumaru, the Imperial president, correctly, it was built to commemorate the start of polar air service between Scandinavia and Japan, which is perhaps as good a reason as any. What kinds of restaurants Mr. Inumaru shall install to punctuate the spreading routes of Japan Air Lines Buddha only knows, but I recall sitting on the floor of the Shinkiraku Restaurant the night after we had arrived in Tokyo, and discussing the matter rather earnestly with a number of executives from that company. While suffering such distractions as quail eggs, giant Fukaba strawberries, dancing geishas, and a contest in which all of us were required to pick up slippery markers from the game of Go with a pair of chopsticks, I did come away with the intelligence that JAL expects to fly the great circle route from Tokyo to Seattle twice a week commencing in July, that it will add Taipei to its Hong Kong-Tokyo route about the same time, and that a few years hence, by which time it will have its DC-8s, it will probably slip over the top to Anchorage and from there into Copenhagen and London or Paris. All its Pacific routes will be jet by 1960.

Since the other air lines that service the Orient are not expected to be sitting and knitting, the arrival of the jets to shrink the great Pacific distances are certain to bring a whole new world of tourism to the Far East. Oddly enough, after we had threaded our way down through the strange corridor of Soviet Central Asia to India and explored its intriguing alleys, then paused on the islands of Singapore, Java and Hong Kong, Japan seemed almost like home. I felt it the first morning we rolled down the Ginza. Perhaps it was the traffic, the frenzy, the crowds, the advertising. It could have been Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth, and I knew whatever we would see from now on, we had turned the corner on our trip around the world and were on our way in.

Having adopted Western ways in so many endeavors, the Japanese are particularly fond of the committee. Like other new practitioners of an old policy they effect all their adoptions to the second power. When I was informed that some experts would consult with me on the best possible itinerary during our short stay in Japan I was startled to come downstairs at the appointed hour to find eight delegates on hand, all of them bearing a smile, a handshake and a calling card printed in Japanese characters on one side and English on the other. There followed an extremely serious discussion during which each man peered intently at his copy of our itinerary which could scarcely have been more simple had it involved spending two days in New York followed by two days in Atlantic City before catching the plane at Idlewild. This was approximately the case except that we were in Tokyo plan-

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ning to visit Hakone and Atami—Atami is the Atlantic City of Japan—and would come back for a final day in the big city before returning home. After considerable pondering during which I mused on the staff meetings that must have preceded Pearl Harbor, the itinerary was approved with one minor change, and it was agreed to assign us a guide. With bowing and handshaking the eight gentlemen of Japan retreated in favor of a girl.

Miss Kaori Yokoyama, the guide who appeared the next morning, proved to be a Japanese doll with a Rising Sun on each cheek, a large set of pearly teeth that Mikimoto could never have duplicated, and a tremendous fund of little-known facts all packed in a tiny four-foot frame. For instance, Miss Yokoyama knows that the average age of the population in Tokyo is twenty-one. She is also aware that all the important universities are in Tokyo—seventy-nine out of a total number of 234—that people must wait two or three years to get in a well-known college. Most of them are coed although there is nothing approaching a balance between the sexes. Tokyo University, as an example, has an enrollment of 14,000 boys and 200 girls. Aside from the long wait to get in, girls in college are thought to become boyish and unattractive to men, and it is these reasons that account for the sparse female enrollment.

Miss Yokoyama knows that leaves of green tea left in the bottom of a cup at a wedding ceremony means the wife will leave the husband. But blossoms of the cherry tree brewed into tea will open expansively in hot water and when they do that means the beginning of good fortune. She also knows that the rent in a government apartment house costs between $10 and $11 for three rooms, that earthquakes are recorded twice each day on the average in Japan, and that there are between eight and nine million people in Tokyo, which is the biggest city in the world.

Weather is a big topic in Japan particularly in the country where no one says, "Good morning." They say, "It's terribly bad weather," or "It is strange weather, isn't it?" If the weather is fine they say so too, and post cards and letters always begin with a mention of the weather and the temperature. Japanese poems which are limited to a scant seventeen characters may be very short, but they must mention the weather.

Women being a more intriguing subject than weather, if not more changeable, we steered Miss Yokoyama back to this subject and she told us why the kimono is disappearing. For one thing the curving body, much favored by Westerners and, therefore, by impressionable young Japanese girls who copy Western ways, is not adaptable to the flat planes of the kimono. Besides for the price of one good kimono a girl can buy three Western dresses. In order to wash the kimono it is necessary to take out the lining then replace it after drying. Kimonos are worn to the Kabuki where the ladies carry what Miss Yokoyama calles a "box runcheon," and as well on New Year's. However, should a girl only wear kimonos on a few occasions, chances are she will have cut her hair short. This requires renting a wig for the occasion. The wig must be combed in special ways because a woman's marital status and her occupation can be determined by her coiffeur. The policy is an improvement over the old days when court ladies wore a dozen kimonos at one time and married women of the eleventh and twelfth centuries blackened their teeth and shaved their eyebrows.

The conversation had brought us out to Kamakura near Yokohama, the site of the giant Daibutsu Buddha built in the same era when married women were spending the afternoons at the twelfth century beauty parlors having their eyebrows shaved. The huge, slightly bowed buddha cannot be immediately seen, and it is Miss Yokoyama's theory that the pines are purposely cultivated so that they will hide his face until the most appropriate moment. When the time comes one sees the Buddha expressionless, palms up, thumbs touching, in attitude of meditation. In his forehead is a third eye. It was felt that two eyes weren't enough to illuminate a world of the magnitude of the one that spun on its axis in the twelfth century.

In those dazzling days and for the two hundred years that followed, Kamakura was the political center of Japan. It was the center of the warrior government. The intellectuals, the high born and the court nobles all lived in Kyoto. In Kyoto the houses were decorated and elaborate. In Kamakura they were simple and practical. The Buddha which the Kamakurans put up is, characteristically enough, full of power and energy, and is the second largest in Japan, after Nara. Four people can stand on its hand, one man can crawl through a nostril and every four years, when it is cleaned, forty baskets of dust are collected.

Munching on a bag of dried seaweed crackers, we repaired with Miss Yokoyama to a simple and practical Kamakura house known as Kaseiro in search of something more substantial. There in front of the delicate Japanese building was the sign in English, "High Class Chinese restaurant." It was, too, and in the small Japanese room with its sliding doors Japanese girls brought a succession of

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TENNYSON TWOSOMES AND THREESOMES

The following quotations from Tennyson provide examples of the repetition of phrases or single words which he used so often. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Mo., asks you to name the poems from which they are taken. Answers on page 41.

1. And in my heart, if calm at all,
   If any calm, a calm despair.
2. Flash'd all their sabres bare,
   Flash'd as they turn'd in air
   Sabring the gunners there.
3. The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
   And the lily whispers, "I wait."
4. Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
   I earth in earth forget these empty courts.
5. "Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."
6. Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
   From that great deep, before our world begins,
7. She left the web, she left the loom,
   She made three paces thro' the room,
8. In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
   in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.
9. My strength is as the strength of ten,
   Because my heart is pure.
10. The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
    Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.
11. Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable.
    Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat.
12. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
    Father will come to thee soon.

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Chinese dishes—bamboo shoots that looked like cockscombs, meat chopped with ginger and baked in pastry crust and shrimps with bean pods. "Japanese food is to look at," Miss Yokoyama confided. "Western food is to smell, but Chinese food is to eat." My memory of the smell of a steak had long since dimmed. As for Kaseiro, his Chinese food was marvelous and the bill for all of it came to $1.67. From her purse Miss Yokoyama pulled a small package full of shrivelled pink knots. She dropped them in the teapot. Preserved cherry blossoms she said, and poured everybody a cup. It tasted like salt gargle water, but the blooms had opened like the arms of a tenor reaching for high C. They were beautiful to look at, and were certainly the harbinger of good fortune. Miss Yokoyama excused herself to make a telephone call.

She was back in a few moments. "If you would like I have arranged for you to visit the house of a friend of mine which is on the way," she said. A half hour later we pulled up in front of a large Japanese house. It was difficult to greet its owner, Mrs. Etsuko Tanabe, who was on her knees at the entrance, bowing low to the mat. But she rose presently, and we set off on a tour of the twenty-room house complete with its Shinto shrine with rope of rice husks and cut papers and its Buddhist shrine with tangerines, urns of rice and raw fish wrapped in seaweed, all laid out for the pleasure of the hungry ancestors. Mrs. Tanabe's husband works in a paper factory which is famous for strikes. Miss Yokoyama explained, and her father was a wealthy banker. The house was quite large and required the services of three maids. She looked longingly, I thought, at what she called the family meeting room with its straw chairs for good weather and its table top built over a hole in the floor. A fire is lighted in the hole and all the family sits together around the table, their legs covered with quilts while the charcoal sends up warmth for everybody.

We bid goodbye to Mrs. Tanabe and as we rolled down the road towards Atami and Hakone, Miss Yokoyama told about cows that are massaged and fed beer to provide succulent beef, and how geishas are ranked touch-me-not, forget-me-not, and kiss-me-quick, all of which are names of flowers. But I thought her mind hearkened back to Mrs. Tanabe's comfortable house, and I wondered if she felt her long wait for her education at Tokyo's crowded colleges had been worth the end result and how many more cups of cherry blossom tea it would take before her luck would change. —Horace Sutton.

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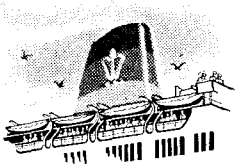

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Life on Ship Before the Deep Six

"Collision Course," by Alvin Moscow *(Putnam. 316 pp. $4.50),* ***"Tomorrow Never Came," by Max Caulfield*** *(Norton. 223 pp. $3.95),* ***"The Last Nine Days of the* Bismarck," *by C. S. Forester*** *(Little, Brown. 138 pp. $3.50), and* ***"The Life and Death of the Duchess," by Pamela Eriksson*** *(Houghton Mifflin. 247 pp. $4), describes disaster and derring-do over the waves. Thomas E. Cooney commanded a corvette during the Second World War.*

By Thomas E. Cooney

THE life of a ship appeals to man as an image of his own life. A ship is born, it struggles with a hostile and capricious environment, and it dies, often with reluctance and agony that suggest a haunting resemblance to human death. And like civilized men, the more mechanized ships have become the more they have taken their security for granted, so that every once in a while fate must turn against them to teach again the lesson of humility.

Never was that lesson more ironically administered than in the collision of the *Andrea Doria* and the *Stockholm* near Nantucket lightship in July of 1956. Alvin Moscow's "Collision Course" tells with perfect clarity how two modern passenger ships, equipped with every possible safety device, and officered by the finest seamen of two of the oldest seafaring nations on earth, managed to converge on one another at the very edge of a fog in such a way that the conning officers on both bridges were fatally confused about their relative positions, even though they had taken all normal precautions. Building almost unbearable drama with the documentary irony that Walter Lord's *Titanic* story has made familiar, Mr. Moscow makes it easy to see how chance and a frail web of trivial and routine departures from the letter of maritime law entangled both ships, and destroyed the glittering *Doria*.

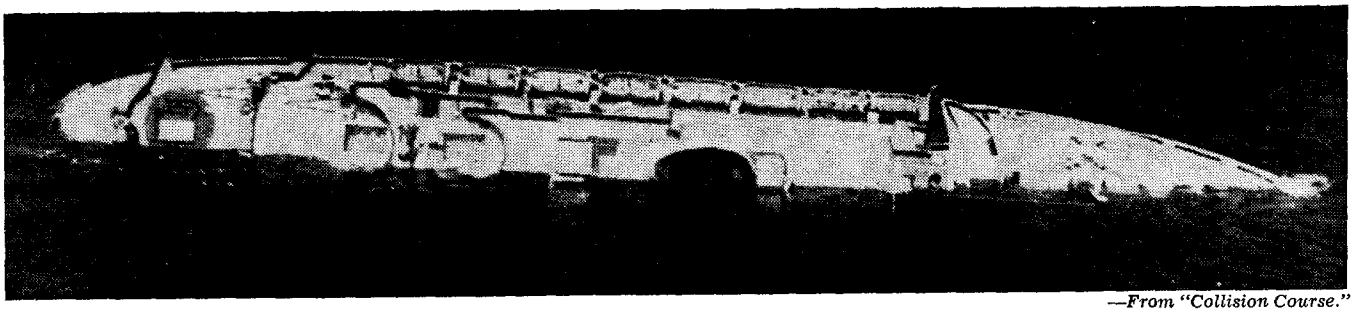
If, among a hundred other "if's," the attention of the *Stockholm*'s Third Officer Cartsens had not been diverted by a telephone call from the crow's nest lookout to report the running lights that Cartsens had already seen, the officer might have noticed that at that instant the other ship was starting a radical and dangerous turn, and the collision might have been avoided. And if the *Doria*'s Captain Calamai had not, as almost all captains of crack passenger liners do, permitted his empty fuel tanks to remain unballasted to avoid the delay and expense of cleaning them before refueling, the *Doria* would not, as the result of such a collision, have listed more than the seven degrees her designers had calculated, and she therefore would not have begun the irreversible flooding that sank her.

But among the 2,000 or so people involved on both ships chance also worked with marvelous mercy. Linda Morgan, Mexican-born stepdaughter of *New York Times* correspondent Camille Cianfarra, was scooped by the *Stockholm*'s bow out of her bed on the *Doria*, and carried away unharmed as the ships parted, crying, *"Donde está Mamá?"* from the wreckage of the bow just in time to be rescued by the only Spanish-speaking seaman aboard the Swedish ship, who himself had left the forecastle because of seasickness just before he would have been crushed to death as his messmates were. Scrupulously fair about technical and legal details, and decently reticent about fixing blame, Mr. Moscow nevertheless makes it clear that the cause of the disaster was that most dangerous of all forms of pride, complacency.

Identical in method, but less dramatic because its story is the result of an act of war that was half expected by those involved, "Tomorrow Never Came," by Max Caulfield, tells how a German U-boat sank the British passenger ship *Athenia* two days after the beginning of World War II, killing by torpedo and the resultant panic 112 noncombatants and neutrals, two-thirds of them women and children. *Oberleutnant* Lemp, the submarine's captain, deserves a Legion of Merit for the propaganda aid he thus rendered to the Allied cause.

Another tale of the early days of the war is magnificently handled in C. S. Forester's "The Last Nine Days of the *Bismarck*." With a practised narrative hand Mr. Forester fictionalizes (with imaginary dialogue and minor characters) the escape of the German battleship from the Baltic to prey on British Atlantic convoys, her interception by the ancient and proverbial *Hood*, the lucky hit on the *Hood*'s magazine that destroyed 2,000 men and a legend of seapower in a single explosion, and the long battle of wits that ended with the sinking of the *Bismarck*, her entire topsides and superstructure obliterated except for a couple of gun crews that were still firing as she sank.

There is romantic contrast to the agonies of these modern ships in Pamela Eriksson's "The Life and Death of the Duchess," for the noble lady of the title was the *Herzogin Cecilie*, one of the last of the square-rigged ships in the Australian grain trade. German built, the *Cecilie* spent her declining days in the hands of Åland Swedes, members of a vanishing race of masters of sail. The author, an Englishwoman, married the ship's skipper, and inevitably married the ship, too. She writes with love, and frequently with genuine poetic feeling, of the life and death of what must have been one of the most beautiful objects ever to come from man's hand.



—From "Collision Course."

Andrea Doria **half-way under, July 1956—Routine departures from the letter of maritime law entangled her and the** *Stockholm*.

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Memories

Continued from page 27

Christopher, Sonia avers. (Sonia, bidden "always curtsy to the King, dear," because both men had beards, ringed hands, and foreign accents, also generally curtsied to Sir Ernest Cassel, the King's banker.) After Kingy died in 1910, the Keppels went abroad for several years. Later, when World War I broke out, Papa volunteered, and spent his fiftieth birthday in the trenches. He had left with his back straight as a sword blade; he returned with it curved like a scimitar, because he was too tall to stand upright in his dugout. There, too, the rats had eaten the Fortnum and Mason birthday cake his loving wife had sent.

Reality thus gradually closed in on the growing Sonia: at her coming-out party, in 1916 (in a tulle dress by a new firm, Jeanne Lanvin, edged with skunk fur that outstank the rose-geranium with which Mamma had sprayed it) Mamma asked the guests to leave early, as a naval battle was in progress: Jutland! Sonia's beloved cousin Edward, and so many others, were killed, and after the war, when the demobilization of the men who had won it appeared unjustifiably delayed, "we supported their outcry," she writes, and "the Government had to do something about it." Was the "we" her family or herself and her voteless flapper friends? Earlier political moments had been when Mamma's great friends Winston and Reggie McKenna had discussed with her, in Sonia's hearing, the Government's heavy borrowing from America, and when Asquith, overthrown, came to stay accompanied by Margot and Puffin, their son.

All three, these daughters convey the gaslit, hansom-cab era when women and ladies both wore enormous picture hats, feather boas, and black button boots. Sonia describes the glamour: the lovely Fabergé jewels, an Easter egg in royal blue enamel, embossed with diamonds and topped by a tiny crown in gold and rubies that she was given by Kingy; her dolls dressed by Worth in brocades and satins; the Riviera picnics, attended by kings and served by liveried footmen. Eileen describes the joys of racing her father's "skimming-dish" *Atalanta*, and the hardly lesser joys of Poplar weddings and funerals, church bazaars, and street markets, the drives through the Blackwall Tunnel, and the excitement of seeing the churchwarden eject the Kensitites who came to her father's sermons to rebuke him for his "popish practices." Beatrice tells of the making and flying of kites, the games of cricket on Ivythorn Hill, the conker fights and tree-climbing (no balls or skipping ropes were allowed on Sundays), and, above all, the joys of a constant awareness of the existence, indeed of the presence, of God.

Beatrice's mother had been a housemaid; her father, raised in the workhouse, had been apprenticed to a shoemaker. He was always so hungry that he used "to save farthings [one-half of a penny] until he could buy a loaf of bread, eat it in bed, and then get beaten because the crumbs betrayed him." Beatrice's grandfather was a shepherd, who would have nightly tussles with the devil; and all were devout Methodists: Beatrice never, throughout her childhood, saw anyone drink or smoke. The family joys were all in their faith: the Lord's supper, the Harvest Festival, for which Beatrice would thread endless strings of pips and decorate the pulpit with them, like shiny red beads. Later Beatrice experienced the personal "conversion" that is of the very essence of Methodism, and, at the age most girls of today are thinking of going to college, she became a preacher. Her mother ministered to her most touchingly, and Beatrice describes the sermons she preached in the villages, and her wonderful reception everywhere she went.

These three books, despite their differences of background, are all infused with the old Roman virtue of piety, *piètas*: the grateful love of "our fathers that begot us," of mothers and nannies, of sisters and aunts. Gin and gaslight there are too, aplenty, but "where love is, God is" and these are all loving and lovely chronicles.

Gone with the War

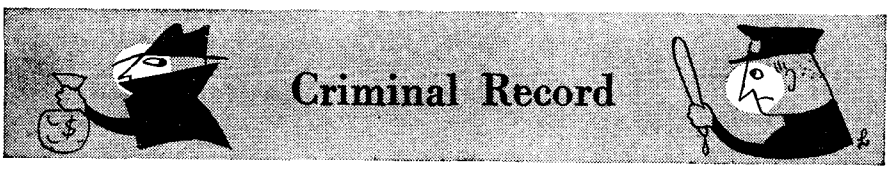
"I Knew a Phoenix: Sketches for an Autobiography," by May Sarton *(Rinehart. 222 pp. $3.75), evokes the fragrant, sometimes poignant days before 1939, during which the author turned from Thespis to letters. Martha Bacon samples them for us.*

By Martha Bacon

THE CHAPTERS in this book are indeed sketches, finely limned and gracefully illuminated. While Miss Sarton talks to us we feel as though we were wandering through a cultivated landscape in the early afternoon of a summer's day, with twilight far in the future. Her speech is of the immediate past, a past so close that many of us can touch it with our own memories, made all the more poignant because the days that she remembers with so much enjoyment are gone.

The author's recollections extend from the First World War to the last years before the Second. Her father, George Sarton, was a famous historian of science, a Belgian who came to the United States during the German invasion in 1914, bringing his family to Cambridge. He and his English wife, in spite of limited means and a series of uprootings, gave their daughter a generous portion of several worlds. They were Socialists when the century was in its infancy, advanced young people who called each other by their last names, radicals as gentle as doves, and dedicated to ideas.

Such people, precarious as their



DEATH AT FLOOD TIDE. *By Louis A. Brennan. Dell.* 25¢. Hamlet-type narrator on spot as seated nude corpse (female) turns up in inundated Ohio house; cops circulate in rowboats; cat-and-mouse joust between No. 1 suspect and police chief has good moments; dialogue often sparkles; pace moderate. High-I.Q. job.

KILLER'S WEDGE. *By Ed McBain. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. Convicted stick-up artist's widow (he died in jail) takes over police station squadroom at gunpoint in big U.S. town and announces plan to sit out return of cop who nabbed departed spouse; nice murder case is tied in neatly with major theme. Cliffhanger all the way.

DUTY FREE. *By Manning Coles. Crime Club.* $3.50. Tiny Andorra-type principality finds way of life disturbed when public-relations program brings in outlanders, including U.S. hotel tycoon with big ideas and marriageable daughter; no killings in this one, but large quantities of skulduggery, much good humor, and happy ending.

THE END OF VIOLENCE. *By Ben Benson. Mill-Morrow.* $2.95. Trooper Ralph Lindsey of Massachusetts State Police runs into brutality charge while tracking down killer of shoe-factory worker; separate cases jell as neatly contrived plot approaches climax. Usual excellent job.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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state may be, usually have a good time, and the Sartons seem to have been no exception to this rule. They taught May to enjoy herself, too.

Miss Sarton was one of the earlier products of a progressive school. She entered Shady Hill in Cambridge when Agnes Hocking and later Miss Taylor and Miss Thorp were engaged in what seemed in those days a bold experiment in education. It sounds disciplinary enough by Miss Sarton's account: the children nearly froze in the open air throughout the Cambridge winter, studied with fervor, put on Latin plays, were taught to question like graduate students in seminar, and maintained a high level of performance in a bewildering number of subjects. The Sartons varied the program by taking their daughter abroad and sending her for a year to a school in Brussels where the two head mistresses were nearly as idiosyncratic in their way as Mrs. Hocking. For further variety the author finished her formal education at Cambridge High and Latin, the local public school.

The regimen was a healthy one apparently. Miss Sarton struck out on her own as an actress at the age of seventeen. The second half of the book gives a nostalgic picture of the halcyon days of the old Civic Repertory Theatre when Eva Le Gallienne was its guiding spirit. With the lapse of the Civic Repertory in the early Thirties Miss Sarton took off for a year in Paris, where she did what young people do in Paris. She looked at it and thought about herself. In her case reflection led to action and she recommended herself to the attention of Lugné-Poë, who was taken enough with her effrontery to counsel her to give up acting for writing. It wanted six years for her to take this advice, and in the meantime she had Paris—a young girl's Paris.

By the time she was twenty-four May Sarton had been both a success and a failure in the theatre. She had organized her own group of apprentice actors and seen several seasons in New York and out of it, doing a series of plays as ambitious as the program of the Civic Repertory. Her group performed Leonormand, Jean Giono, Schnitzler, and Pirandello, to name only a few, and though financial failure dogged them, and their youth and inexperience made them no match for the stronger stuff of the Broadway theatre of the middle Thirties, they can still congratulate themselves that they were in show business with a vengeance.

The end of the memoir takes a wistful turn. Nobody can ever be young again as people were young before 1939. In a lovely and evocative passage Miss Sarton describes England burgeoning under a spring rain in 1936 and the two summers spent—surrounded by tigers, kangaroo, and deer—in Julian Huxley's Whipsnade house, where her decision to become a writer matured. The book closes with a glimpse of Elizabeth Bowen in her London house and another of Virginia Woolf—shy, curious, and wonderfully beautiful. What is to come is for quite a different time and tone of voice.

Galvanic Glimpses

"Great Companions," by Max Eastman *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 312 pp. $4.75), is a collection of memoirs, some mild and some pungent, an excerpt from which appeared in* SR *April 4. Harry T. Moore, critic and biographer, is professor of English at Southern Illinois University.*

By Harry T. Moore

IN A career which has taken him from an editorship on the "old" *Masses* to one on the *Reader's Digest*, Max Eastman has met many galvanic people. Some of his galvanic responses to them, as recorded in this book, have appeared before in magazines or in earlier books of Mr. Eastman's, but much of the material is new, and as assembled here it makes a stimulating portrait gallery.

Mr. Eastman knew some of his subjects intimately, but he doesn't pretend to have had a close acquaintance with them all; he uses the term "Great Companions" in Whitman's sense of great men and women. Some of the chapters in this book are little more than interviews (Freud, Santayana, Einstein). Other portraits, however, are based on extended acquaintance (Trotsky, Hemingway, Edna St. Vincent Millay); and "by request" Mr. Eastman reprints from his autobiography the sketch—at once objective and affectionate—of his mother, once a noted Congregational minister.

Of course, not all these reminiscences are friendly: part of the reader's fun comes from Mr. Eastman's airing of his prejudices. The way in which he does this points up the very faculties that make this author an excellent memoirist: his acute sense of atmosphere, his dexterity at grasping ideas, and his knack of projecting his people alive on the page. Indeed, Mr. Eastman's disagreement or even dislike sometimes brings him closer to the person involved; perhaps Pablo Casals, whose portrait is the dimmest in the book, suffers here because Mr. Eastman esteems him too highly and couldn't get beyond remote admiration.

On the other hand, Bertrand Russell, with whom the author has over many years maintained something of an armed truce, is sharply drawn and despite his gifts, is seen as essentially "irresponsible." Mr. Eastman saves his severest bolts for Freud, with whom he argues through a long interview (sometimes keeping his opinion to himself); for Trotsky, a petulant hero with whom he became disillusioned after getting to know him fairly well, and for Hemingway whose quarrel with Mr. Eastman is well known.

A careful reading of the chapter on Hemingway shows the origin of Mr. Eastman's bias (a part of the text omitted from the excerpt in *SR*). It seems that in Paris, in the Twenties, Hemingway interrupted an anecdote of Mr. Eastman's, an event which encouraged the victim to recall that Lincoln Steffens had told him Hemingway had "a bad streak in him." Hemingway's little rudeness seems hardly sufficient to warrant Mr. Eastman's caustic attitude, which appears to have lasted through their final "friendly" meeting in a Havana bar some years ago, when a "sad, brutal, unillumined" Hemingway "stared beyond us in an unseeing way."

NOT that Mr. Eastman has to have a prejudice to jab all these portraits into life: sometimes his partiality, his eagerness to be "prejudiced for," serves as a vivifying instrument. There is Edna Millay, for example, with whom Mr. Eastman expected to fall in love because of her poetry and because everyone did; but in spite of a bedroom scene in a Paris hotel, things remained "Platonic" between them—at least for a number of years. (And was Miss Millay kidding when, as quoted by Mr. Eastman, she told an earnest young doctor that she was partly Lesbian?) In defending Miss Millay's verse against the disparagements of the Ransoms and Ciardis, Mr. Eastman is less convincing, with his semantic bungles about "perfect lyrics" and so on, than in his attacks on the philosophical positions of Russell and Santayana.

If Mr. Eastman staunchly defends the poetry of Edna Millay, he is no less steadfast in supporting, as a comedian, his old friend and playmate, Charles Chaplin—though when they meet now they keep their friendship intact by avoiding political discussions. This Chaplin piece is next-to-longest in the book; the longest and best is "John Dewey: My Teacher and Friend," a fully rounded portrait which serves as the philosopher's anniversary biography and is in effect a book in itself.

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Region with a View

Continued from page 17

ferees at Carmel, a confidence so sublime that it is hardly even conscious of itself. By the end of the meeting we were assuring ourselves that it would be totally false to try to justify or even identify West Coast culture in organic or regional terms. Never having felt isolated or provincial or inferior, the Coast doesn't have to wedge itself forward.

Two days at Carmel convinced most of us that we felt pretty much like the rest of the United States, only more so. Our language is a representative amalgam almost undistinguished by local dialectal peculiarities; ethnically we are more wildly mixed even than the eastern seaboard cities; in a prosperous country we are more prosperous than most; in an urban country more urban than most; in a gadget-happy country, more addicted to gadgets; in a mobile country, more mobile; in a tasteless country more tasteless; in a creative country more energetically creative; in an optimistic society more optimistic; in an anxious society more anxious.

Contribute regionally to the national culture? We *are* the national culture, at its most energetic end.

It is exhilarating when twenty-five intelligent and articulate people discover at the same time that they share so egregious and brash a confidence. Newcomer or native son, we all had it. We asked ourselves what was most characteristic about the architecture which was the Coast's most distinctive regional contribution, and we found that it was open, outward turning, the reverse of the inward-turning and cavelike and protective. We looked out the windows down at the headland of Point Lobos where land and water and sun met magnificently, and we knew one of the reasons people came—we among them—and seldom left. We began to add up the signs of cultural life, all the way from the somewhat stuffy and overplayed San Francisco opera season and the somewhat magniloquent Hollywood Bowl to the unsponsored and spontaneous creative cutting edges: the jazz renaissance in San Francisco, the weekly theatre on the campus of the University of Washington, the centers of poetry and fiction, the new patterns of neighborhood theatre and neighborhood music in the sprawling noncity of Los Angeles, the art museums, the galleries, the painters of the so-called San Francisco School who would actually be quite as much at home almost anywhere since most of them are abstract expressionists. We counted Nobel Prize winners in West Coast universities and the people we knew who had recently been filched by West Coast schools from the Ivy League, and artists, writers, musicians, painters, who had chosen to be born here or to come here. For a little while we were like a delighted bunch of regional patriots counting our successes—except that there was practically nothing of traditional regionalism in us. Half of the people we cited as signs of great creative growth were in-migrants, as were half of ourselves. That was no problem. This was precisely how the rest of the country and the rest of the world *did* contribute to us; this was simply greater evidence of centrality.

While we were going through our processes of definition above Point Lobos, three new magazines were getting ready to be born in San Francisco. One, *Pacifica*, did not make it past the dummy stage; the other two, *Contact* and the *San Francisco Review*, have by now come out with their second issues. Both are creative, not critical, magazines; what is more notable, both enrich the local ferment without giving even lip service to the old Shibboleths of regionalism. The *San Francisco Review* denies commitment to any "special school or genre, geographical or other use," and insists that its two primary objectives are to undertake the study and defense of civil liberties and individual rights and to "print worthwhile prose and poetry," *Contact* says it is "not a San Francisco magazine except that it is published here." It conceives its appropriate reader to be the man or woman "who has taste and a sense of humor, who is concerned with the fate of man, who has the courage to close his eyes to any idea that no longer illuminates reality and open them on one that does."

"Illuminates reality," notice. Not "expresses the spirit of character of the region." Not a trace of local patriotism, but plenty of confidence.

Robert Frost, whom if I were a regionalist I would instantly identify as having been born in San Francisco, has a test by which he judges a man: How well can he swing what he knows? The West Coast beyond question can afford to know more, but what it knows it can swing. It thinks it can swing the whole country. If I ever saw a region which feels its oats, this is it.

From its great eyes on Mount Palomar, Mount Wilson, Mount Hamilton, the West Coast looks farther into space than anyone anywhere. That is something to fasten upon. But take another symbol. On the grand prow of land above the Golden Gate, looking north across the soar and lift of the bridge to the Marin hills, and eastward across San Francisco's roofs and streets, and westward toward the last promontory below which the Pacific spreads vast and blue, sits one of San Francisco's three art museums, the Palace of the Legion of Honor. It is formally French, a replica. William Wurster, the dean of Bay Area architects as well as of the University of California School of Architecture, calls it "the most inward-turning building upon the most outward-turning site in the world."

That building represents an old way of thinking; it demonstrates in a way the earliest, imitative, transplanted stage of the organic process. It is not likely that it or the spirit that produced it will have much influence on the future. For nothing else in this West Coast amalgam is inward-turning. America at its farthest West and its highest voltage, it is a region, if it can be called a region at all, with a view. Like lemmings, the nation has beaten its way to the western edge and the last sunsets on the continent, but only a few jump off the Golden Gate in frustration at having nowhere else to go. The rest of them are busy preparing this coast as a launching platform for the future.

I believe this truly is not a region but the main stream, America only more so. Both the good and the bad are more so. Sight of what some builders have been permitted to do along the Skyline road south of San Francisco would bring tears to the eyes of a hangman. The North Beach bohemia that for some reason seemed to represent San Francisco to the world for a season was a dreary borrowing, an inward-turning if there ever was one, a death wish in a crying towel. Much of this, and much of every hideousness of our automotive civilization. And yet what a surge, how much life, how much exuberant and not always controlled power—above all, what confidence. The West Coast has the calm confidence of a Christian with four aces, and Mark Twain who knew it in its earlier exuberance, would be the first to say so. If Lerner's "After prosperity, what?" is an answerable question, the West Coast is going to have a good deal to do about framing the answer.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "In Memoriam." 2. "The Charge of the Light Brigade." 3. "Maud." 4. "Tithonus." 5. "Enoch Arden." 6. "De Profundis." 7. "The Lady of Shalott." 8. "Locksley Hall." 9. "Sir Galahad." 10. "Oenone." 11. "Lancelot and Elaine" ("Idylls of the King"). 12. Untitled song from "The Princess" (but "Sweet and Low" will be accepted).

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ENGLISHWOMAN will render services in England June-October. Box H-473.

NYC FINANCIAL EDITOR wants male assistant, very interesting personality, college background or recent student. Divinity or foreign student considered. Type accurately, driver's license. Summer, possibly permanent. Unusual opportunity learn finance. Fullest details. Box H-472.

VETERAN, 27, seeks respectable, worthwhile, permanent position. Quiet, sober, conscientious, single. B.A. philosophy, French. Hobby: genealogy. Prefer New England, Quebec, but open. Box H-465.

PERSONALS

CRUISE ABOARD your own yacht in the Caribbean. Refreshing summer trade winds, cool and calm. Cruising ground between Antigua and Grenada. Luxurious, fully crewed ships. Write airmail. Commander Nicholson, Box 103, Antigua, W.I.

AGENT WANTED: CASH COMMISSIONS at once, taking orders for magazines every family wants! No experience needed. For FREE money-making kit, with everything you need, write McGregor Magazine Agency, Dept. 751, Mount Morris, Illinois.

JUST A GOOD BUY! RAZOR BLADES. Finest Swedish steel, double-edged, precision-ground. 100 Blades for $2. SHOP-BY-MAIL, Box 55, Highbridge Station, NYC 52.

WANTED—LARGE, elegant standing globe. Send picture, price. Box H-486.

WELL-TRAVELED, MALE, free-lancing photographer desires interesting activity. Box H-487.

HELP WANTED—*LIBRARIAN* for library now under construction. Attractive location in sight of mountains and Puget Sound, comfortable living quarters, good salary, fine opportunity for trained librarian interested in young people. Apply airmail The Annie Wright Seminary (Boarding and Day School for girls, ages 4-18), Tacoma 3, Washington.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

POUND RIDGE—Remodeled Early American 4 bedroom house, 2 fireplaces, 2 baths, extra living room or library. Pond, woods, possible studio over 2 car garage. POund Ridge (N.Y.) 4-5785 or Box H-251.

SNUG, MOUNTAINSIDE HOME, Woodstock, New York. Creative atmosphere with comfort. Fireplace and furnace. Privacy, accessibility. Mountain, valley views. Box H-326.

EIGHT ROOM New England salt box 150 years old, furnished, electricity. Indescribable charm, 140 acres woodland, trout stream, secluded paradise, near Claremont, New Hampshire. $7,000. Box H-387.

SURRY, MAINE. Early American furnished 10 rooms, 2 baths, modern kitchen. 50 acres, 750' waterfront. Box H-369.

HOME WITH Indian River frontage in Titusville, Florida. Seller, 1204 Sealy Avenue, Galveston, Texas.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT. For sale at fraction of cost, custom-built home for owner's retirement. 8 room white Colonial, 2-car garage, situated on knoll. Sweeping mountain views. Grounds beautifully landscaped, with marble terraces and walk. 11 acres; meadow and woodland; pond site. Long frontage on excellent road. Thermopane picture windows; large marble fireplace; forced hot-water heat; many extras. Transferring to California. Offered completely furnished for quick sale at $26,800. Less unfurnished. Mortgage available. Principals only. Box H-359.

COUNTRY HOME — STUDIO. Huge Combination Living Room/Studio with 7 ft. fireplace. 30 ft. North Light window, 3 bedrooms, bath, kitchen, dining room, garage with shed. Refrigerator, new stove, washer, dryer—forced hot air system. One secluded acre. $20,000—Mrs. Cunningham, CApitol 7-7100, Westport, Connecticut.

REMODELED SCHOOLHOUSE western Maryland mountains. Completely furnished. Stocked trout stream. $2,500. Box H-443.

CENTRAL VERMONT. House, barn on beautiful lake. 5 bedrooms, bath, large living room, dining room, porch. Wonderful view. Secluded, accessible. $12,500. Bone, 121 Waverly Place, NYC.

400-FOOT FRONTAGE trout stream (Hunterdon County, New Jersey). Delightful 3 bedroom studio-type rambling house, tree-hidden, surrounded lovely hills. Finest deep well, central heat, every comfort. 60 miles NYC. $18,500. ($1,000 additional if furnished.) Write or phone Sig Kuhne or Eleanor Klenen, Califon, New Jersey.

HIGH HAVEN in beautiful Vermont. 119 acres wooded slopes and farm land. Charming 2 bedroom house. Sale, or rent $100 per month. Box H-426.

BOSTON AREA: Newton Highlands, 6 rooms, $16,500. DEcatur 2-7410. Box H-442.

SOUTHERN VERMONT MOUNTAINS. 25 acres, brook, good modern 8 room house. $11,000. J. J. Sessler, Grafton, Vermont.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

TWO GUEST HOUSES at one of Tidewater, Virginia's showplaces. Housekeeping facilities, air-conditioning, swimming pool, fishing and hunting in season. Preference given reservation requests with references. Willow Hill Plantation, Spring Grove, Virginia.

UNUSUAL SOUTHERN VERMONT mountain stone lodge, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, 3 fireplaces, living room, dining room, kitchen, 3 guest cabins, completely equipped. Swimming pond, canoe. Accessible seclusion. Rent/Sale. Box H-401.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—August. Perfect beach house completely equipped. Box H-245.

NORTHERN VERMONT. July through October, our living quarters, 8 rooms completely furnished. Lake, mountains accessible, with city conveniences. $600. Box H-371.

LAKE PLACID, NEW YORK. Magnificent 6 bedroom lodge, boathouse, beach. Rare experience. Month, $1,000. Box H-368.

SPACIOUS STUDIO on Vermont hillside. Sleeping for 8, all conveniences. Ragle, South Royalton, Vermont.

SOUTHERN MAINE. Little white farmhouse, beautiful location. Details. Box E-677.

SHORE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN, Vermont. "El" of large country house, quiet, ideal for children, accommodates 6. Box H-266.

SPACIOUS, COMFORTABLE, FURNISHED HOME for large family or related families. 13 bedrooms, large living room, dining room, kitchen, six baths. Quiet, wooded, ample grounds. 1300' elevation. Beautiful view across Connecticut Valley to Mt. Monadnock. Write Glen Maples, Putney, Vermont. June 1—September 1, $1,500.

PLEASANT BAY, CAPE COD. Breathtaking view, contemporary. Sleeps 10, 2 living rooms, private beach, skiff, 2 gentle horses. July—Labor Day, $2,000. Box 8, South Orleans, Massachusetts.

BEAUTIFUL SHENANDOAH VALLEY, 70 miles from Washington, at Front Royal, Virginia. Spacious, comfortably furnished house with 6 bedrooms, 4½ baths, garage. Beautifully situated estate with swimming pool. June, July or August. $200 plus utilities. References. Box H-454.

BEAUTIFUL, COMPLETELY furnished house. Secluded, spacious. Woodlands, creeks, fireplaces. Pennsylvania. BOX H-441.

VERMONT SHORE of Lake Champlain near Burlington. Commodious, attractive cottage in delightful summer colony available for season, boat included. All conveniences. $650. Robert Billings, Wallingford, Connecticut.

SECLUDED BUCKS COUNTY restored farmhouse with riding horse. 2½ baths, sleeps 8. 90 minutes Manhattan. Near swimming, fishing, summer theatres. August $400. Box H-440.

GREENSBORO, VERMONT, Caspian Lake. Choice summer home, $1,000 season. Box H-436.

STROUDSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA. 8 room farmhouse, 2 bathrooms, modern kitchen. Glorious vista, artist's paradise. Season, moderate. TRafalgar 4-5084 NYC.

NEARBY MAINE. Quiet lake. Privacy. Sleeps 6. Equipped, unplush. Box H-437.

STUDIO COTTAGE on wooded acre, Southampton. Sleeping balcony, fireplace, conveniences. GRamercy 5-8399 NYC, Box H-425.

UNUSUAL HOUSE in woods, 9 rooms, 3 baths, modern conveniences; view Litchfield Hills; NYC 80 miles; swimming pool, tennis court. Box H-435.

COTTAGE on Lake Winnisquam, near Laconia, New Hampshire. Modern, private, 2 bedrooms, fireplace in living room, screened porch. $700 season. Ewan Clague, 3821 Woodley Road, N.W., Washington 16, D.C.

5 ROOM HOUSE, pine interior, brook. 2 miles to village. Attractively furnished. $550 for season. J. J. Sessler, Grafton, Vermont.

VINALHAVEN ISLAND, Penobscot Bay, Maine. Hilltop cottage, oceanfront, large grounds, woods, meadows. Modern, equipped, oil heating, fireplace, Hi-Fi. Porches, barbecue. Capacity 4. Box H-484.

(Continued on page 44)

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(Continued from page 43)

HOUSES WANTED

To Rent

STUDIO COTTAGE for July, vicinity Peterborough, New Hampshire. Box H-407.

VERMONT, VICINITY MIDDLEBURY, June 15 to October 1. 3 bedroom, modernized house, view, outdoor living. Looking for unusual. Excellent care assured owner. Box H-463.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

FURNISHED STUDIO, isolated, near lake. $50 a month. Box 177, Babson Park, Florida.

APARTMENTS FOR SUBLET

2½ rooms. GRAMERCY PARK AREA NYC. Quiet air-conditioned. Moderate rental. June 1 or later. Box H-370.

CHARMING, FURNISHED apartment. Living room, dining room, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, kitchen. 3 air conditioners. 1 year or longer. 1036 Park Avenue, REgent 4-3184 NYC.

APARTMENTS WANTED

June 1-30. Psychiatrist. Special studies in Manhattan. Need 3 bedroom furnished house or apartment. Prefer commuting distance and beach vicinity. I. Kraft, M.D., 2426 Dorrington, Houston 25, Texas.

ROOMS AVAILABLE

For Rent

WRITERS, SCHOLARS, PROFESSIONAL MEN: Exceptionally beautiful private rooms. Fieldstone fireplaces, quiet, facilities, kitchen, country, hills, lakes, theatre, parkway. May-September $65 month. Annual rates. Professor Berman, Tolland, Conn.

SHARE APARTMENT with cultured woman. $70 monthly. Available June 1. PEnnsylvania 6-4053 NYC.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

2½ ACRES OF TROPICAL BEAUTY, with lake of fish and island, boating outlet. ½ mile to shopping; city water and electricity available. $5,100. Box R-808, Kissimmee, Florida.

100 ACRES LAND, Cutler, Maine. 1/3 now bearing blueberries. Can be cleared to 1/2. $2,000. Box H-482.

CAMPS

TATRA FARM. Mountain summer home. Small children group, ages 8-13. Professional leadership. Creative camp program. Reasonable. Box H-356.

GREEN MOUNTAIN fun and adventurous learning. Select, inter-cultural, coeducational, 5-12. Moderate fee. Trumbull Hill, South Shaftsbury, Vermont.

VACATIONS

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

EUROPE NEAR HOME: Continental size bedrooms—old world service—all the usual resort life overlooking the ocean. Formal or informal dining. HOTEL DENNIS, Atlantic City 4-8111.

RELAX—Delightfully un-commercialized lake, mountain region. Weld Inn, Weld, Maine.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Open all year.

SPRING, SUMMER on farms and hotels. Welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

VACATIONS

BIRCHWOOD INN—the inn with a personality. Excellent continental cuisine. Write your hostess, Charlotte Wagner, Lenox, Massachusetts.

OGUNQUIT. AAA. Relax by the sea at one of New England's foremost and largest resort hotels. Beautiful grounds, lovely gardens. Exceptional meals, June to September. Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 21, Maine.

WATERVILLE INN—A complete mountain resort in secluded Waterville Valley, surrounded by the White Mountain National Forest. For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. A comfortable inn, private golf course, swimming pool, tennis court, miles of walking and climbing trails. Folder. Advance reservations. Waterville Valley, Compton P.O., New Hampshire.

WILDERNESS VACATION on horseback. Western mountains. Reasonable prices. Write for folder. Don's Trail Rides, Box 1229, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, New York. 2100 ft. elevation. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. Ideal for creative work or just loafing. Cottages. Meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

COLUMBINE LODGE, ESTES PARK, COLORADO. American Plan resort in the heart of the Colorado Rockies. Riding, hiking, square dancing, fishing. Private cottages.

ALL THE CHARM of a private residence in the heart of the Adirondacks. Open July 1st to September 8th. Early reservations suggested. Crane Point Lodge, Blue Mt. Lake, New York.

SMALL, QUIETLY COMFORTABLE "CAMP"—fast rewarding fishing — many pleasant activities — or none—Real Food. Booklet. Russell's, Brookton, Maine.

SUN-INSIDE, MONTEREY, Massachusetts. Berkshires, French cuisine, small, ideal do-nothingism.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, Vermont. An ideal vacation spot in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2,000', amidst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, congenial companions. Private swimimng, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

SEEKING ATMOSPHERE? Cherry Grove plantation. Write, read, loaf. Route 1, Box 421, Natchez, Mississippi.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE. Manchester, Vermont. Green Mountains. Charming Alpine inn. 2,100' elevation. Panoramic view. Superb food. Relaxing, friendly, informal. Swimming, hiking, sports. Folder.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, shopping center, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake. Eastern Ontario. Housekeeping cottages, $35-$45 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Duane Barnes, 175 Willoughby St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

HELLO FROM CHANTERWOOD! June 12 to October 12 from laurel to foliage time. Lower rates to June 27 and after September 12. Reserve now your favorite cabin or cottage especially for busy Tanglewood weeks. Remember? Lakeside location, deep woods, fine food, hi-fi outdoor concerts, tennis, ideal swimming and boating on two connected lakes, other sports. Recommended by Duncan Hines. New color brochure T. Box 11, Lee, Mass.

STARS FOR STREETLIGHTS, on Island in Time, shores compass'd by the voiceful sea. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Ten miles at sea. Booklet D?

TENNIS, FLORIDA KEYS. 4 Clay courts. Located close to oceanfront apartments, etc. Write: Hawthorne Bissell, Islamorada. From December 1st to May 1st.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

SANDY POND LODGE. Hope Valley., R.I., Summer housekeeping rentals. Folder. Box H-84.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Summer again! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastersons. Brandon, Vermont.

ROBBINS FARM—POCONOS. Modern housekeeping studios. Pools, lakes, natural beauty. Brochure. Saylorsburg, Pennsylvania.

VACATIONS

HOTEL ENGLEWOOD on Cape Cod. A pleasar quiet family hotel with private beach. War bathing, lawn sports. Golf nearby. Rates incluc meals. West Yarmouth 15, Massachusetts.

BAY STREET STUDIO, Boothbay Harbor, Maine "The Inn For Artists." Tenth season. Weekly, July 1-Labor Day. Fine food, individual lodging, studio Prospectus.

PRE-SEASON RATES. Brochure. Captain Bang Hallet Guest House, Yarmouth on Cape Cod. Massachusetts.

THE FALES. Cottages; fireplaces. 500 acres. Excellen food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

TRAVEL

EUROPE. Summer Tours: 38-60 days *in Europe*. Alsc Youth Tour. $1,045 to $1,375. Prof. L. Knecht. KNIGHT TOURS (S-R), Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

VISIT FRIENDLY BELGIUM FIRST—Gateway to Europe—land of tradition, fabulous art cities, magnificent beaches, superb cuisine, and all centers within short commuting distance of its capital. Consult your travel agent or Official Belgian Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

COZUMEL, MEXICO—New Report tells so much, so entertainingly. Other off-beat islands. Trial Report $2. Islands in the Sun Club, 117 Liberty Street, New York.

TOUR LEADERS. Applications now being accepted for 1960 tour programs abroad. Preference given college educators with previous tour leadership experience. Especially desired are college educators who may arrange college credit facilities from their school for their tour participants. The 1960 tour programs will include Europe, Scandinavia, Russia, the Middle East, Africa, Around the World, the Pacific, and South America. Please write Mr. Joseph Ilan, Educational Travel Division, Maupintour Associates, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

RUSSIA BY MOTORCOACH. American escorted groups beginning every week in Helsinki or Warsaw for 18-day travel adventure through Russia. $519. Write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

BOUND FOR EUROPE? Space available on Italian flag passenger service. Grimaldi Siosa Lines, 44 Whitehall Street, NYC, BOwling Green 9-0962.

IF YOUR TEENAGER is too old for summer camp, too young for work, interested in new experiences, eager for adventure . . . we have the answer. SCOPE—YOUTH TRAVELS ABROAD, 1959. Intercultural-Coeducational. Travel with young people of many countries. Brochure available. SCOPE—Mrs. Judith Sullivan, 147-07 Charter Road, Jamaica 35, New York. OLympia 7-6685.

SERVING YOU IN THE MANNER TO WHICH you'd like to become accustomed. Beekman Tower Hotel —overlooking United Nations and East River— minutes from midtown in exclusive Beekman Hill, featuring most marvelous view in all Manhattan. Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge, Elbow Room Bar, Grand Ballroom and other function rooms. Pleasant outlook on rates (special value in a few single rooms with semi-private bath, $5.75). Family rates available too. 49th Street at East River, New York 17, N. Y. Write for folder R.

AUTUMN ABROAD—a fine time to travel: the crowds have thinned out and a more leisurely holiday air prevails. ETS-19 AUTUMN TOUR OF SCANDINAVIA includes the Scandinavian Design Cavalcade in Copenhagen, Helsinki, Oslo, Stockholm. Visits to arts and crafts workshops, and the tremendous displays of Scandinavian ceramics, silver, furniture, crystal, textiles, etc. And the fjords, lakes, mountains and woods of Scandinavia's beautiful countryside. Departure by ship or air on August 18 or 24, return by ship or air on September 28 or 21. ETS-9 AUTUMN TOUR OF EUROPE goes from Denmark down through the continent to Spain and Portugal. Departure by ship on August 28 (or earlier if you would like to travel on your own for a while before the tour begins —perhaps visit relatives in the Old Country). Return by air on October 22, or later by ship. EUROPEAN TRAVELING SEMINAR, 2475 Virginia Avenue, N.W., Washington 7, D.C.

MEXICO—ACAPULCO TOURS—$169 pays all meals, hotels, transportation from El Paso, sightseeing, tickets, 14 days. Our sixth season—June and July. "Spencers," 709 Parker, Las Cruces, New Mexico. Compare with others.

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SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Science in Books • Personality Portrait—XXXVIII • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Can Science Prove When Time Began?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

"A CONFLICT OF INTEREST...SHOULD BROOK OF NO DELAY"

UNITED STATES Congressman Emanuel Celler, of New York, has advised U.S. Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Arthur S. Flemming that in the Congressman's opinion Dr. Henry Welch, Director of the Division of Antibiotics of the Food and Drug Administration, "is . . . involved (in) a . . . conflict of interest" because of Dr. Welch's editorship of two drug journals, *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy.*

"It appears to me," Mr. Celler wrote in a letter to Secretary Flemming under date of April 13, "that, being Director of the Division of Antibiotics and, at the same time, Editor-in-Chief of these two journals, places Dr. Welch in a most anomalous position as a public official. . . . As editor of these two commercial and professional journals, he enters a field that vitally concerns the Division of Antibiotics. As Director of that Division, he passes upon the safety, quality, and merits of the drugs that are advertised in these publications. From all I can gather, Dr. Welch is an honorable gentleman. Nevertheless, he should not be placed in such a position, where his judgment as such Director can be in the slightest degree prejudiced one way or another because of his connection with publications wherein are contained advertisements of these antibiotics."

"The situation is exacerbated," the letter continued, because the advertising in the two journals edited by Dr. Welch "includes advertisements for combination antibiotics, the use of which is still controversial in the medical profession. Dr. Welch, as Editor-in-Chief of these journals, has apparently thrown the weight of his authority and prestige in favor of combination drugs."

"This is a matter that concerns the public welfare and public health," Congressman Celler concluded, "and should brook of no delay."

Congressman Celler is the first member of the Federal legislature to make a positive answer to the question first raised in this column last February: "Is this (dual jobholding by Dr. Welch) a proper relationship?" His interest guarantees that the issue will not be forgotten. The Congressman is a very tenacious man, with a lively concern for the public health. It was due largely to his persistence that the Food and Drug Law was recently changed to prohibit additions of chemicals to food unless the food sellers prove the additives harmless. It is not unthinkable that he and the two U.S. Senators who have expressed interest in antibiotic administration—Jacob Javits of New York and Warren Magnuson of Washington—together could initiate a more sweeping drug reform.

Senator Javits tells *SR* he is still waiting for the report on Dr. Welch which he requested some weeks ago. Health, Education and Welfare Department officials have told him that Dr. Welch is sick and away from the job, and that any action will have to await his return. Senator Magnuson has promised to raise the issue at upcoming Congressional hearings on F and D A appropriations.

If a real inquiry gets under way, here are some questions that would appear to be relevant:

► By how much could the price of antibiotics be reduced if (a) the drugmakers simplified the doctor's job by concentrating on the relatively few dependable and safe antibiotics instead of putting new mixtures based on the old reliables onto the market in a steady stream, and if (b) advertisements for drugs stated the good and bad points of a drug succinctly and plainly instead of running up to twenty-five consecutive pages of expensive copy that no doctor has time to read, let alone digest?

► Why should farmers be allowed to buy antibiotics without prescription to dose cattle whose milk can create resistant bacteria in the bodies of unsuspecting people many miles away?

► Why should antibiotics journals—or any medical or scientific journals, for that matter—be exempt from the postal regulations which require general magazines to identify their ownership once a year? Is not science, and especially medicine, so powerful a force in modern life as to make the ownership of publications in these fields of even greater common concern than the ownership of newspapers and popular magazines? Are the people not entitled to some open avenue of examination of recurring rumors of financial tie-ups between medical journals, advertising agencies, and drug laboratories?

► Since Congress itself insists upon registration of lobbyists active in its halls, should there not be some legal requirement for identification of clients of the so-called "information institutes" and such that are springing up all over and feeding newspapers and magazines supposedly unbiased "medical data"?

► Why should the drug law continue to sanction unrestricted advertising of sweeping promises of effectiveness for antibiotic combinations long after

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such an authoritative and widely accepted medical reference work as *Bacterial and Mycotic Infections of Man* (edited by Rene J. Dubos, published by Lippincott) has warned physicians: "At the outset it should be noted that despite the many reports indicating the value of various antimicrobial drug pairings based on observations in vitro (testube), the examples of apparently beneficial effects from multiple drug therapy to man are remarkably few" and after the companion volume to that reference, *Viral and Rickettsial Infections of Man* (edited by Thomas A. Rivers and Frank L. Horsfall, Jr., published by Lippincott) says "highly effective antimicrobial compounds such as the tetracyclines fail to exert a beneficial effect in virus diseases except when secondary bacterial infection caused by drug-susceptible microorganisms is present"?

• • •

IN A FEW minutes of recent talk with *SR*'s Science Editor, Dr. T. Keith Glennan, chief of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, expressed a refreshingly different attitude from the one so often encountered in Washington nowadays. It's silly, he said, for people to talk about space science as though it were a new branch of learning. "There is no such thing as space science," he reminded. "There is space and there is science. Space is merely another place where men can practice science."

We came away from that brief meeting feeling that the country might be a lot better off if more of Dr. Glennan's ideas could prevail. It is plain that he has been handicapped with a series of ridiculous deadlines for reaching the Moon, Mars, Venus, and other points in all directions.

The real space scientists still think there must be five to ten more years of preparation before a man goes into space in the sense that most people now understand that phrase. There will be some breathless sledding around and just beyond the top of Earth's atmosphere during the intervening time, but little else.

Even the scheduling of unmanned space probes must be uncertain. There's no point in sending a rocket out unless it can return information. Dependable power is required to broadcast across such vast distances. Some day before long, a flying paddle-wheel will be shot 30,000 miles toward the planet Venus in the hope that solar batteries in the paddles will generate enough electricity to maintain successful communication through the long orbit.

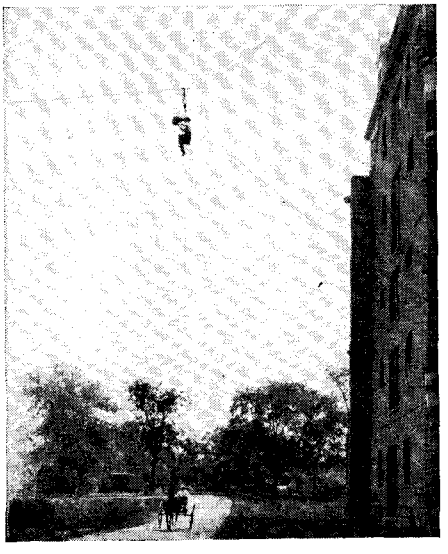
If the paddle-wheel works, and all the other ifs, ands, and buts are filled in properly, NASA may try to take a close look next month at our most beautiful planetary neighbor.

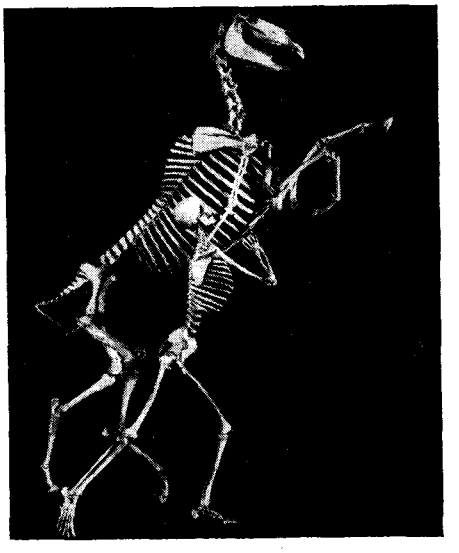
It is time we really learned something about Venus. For Venus has worked a spectacular influence on man's thinking. By watching its behavior through his new telescope in 1609, Galileo gave the world its first visual confirmation of the now accepted truth that the Sun and not the Earth is the center of our universe. Johannes Kepler had previously proved the case mathematically by assigning an elliptical orbit to the planet Mars (no previous orbit had fit Mars's real motions because everyone thought orbits had to be circular) and matching that orbit against the positions of Mars as Tycho Brahe had recorded them through many consecutive years. But mathematics is an exercise of the mind's eye which relatively few men are equipped to enjoy. What Galileo saw in the telescope could be seen by anyone blessed with normal eyesight—the passage of Venus through differing phases from a crescent shape to a full rounded sphere, as could happen only if the planet were moving about the Sun and reflecting the Sun's light from different angles in the sky.

THESE phases of Venus which Galileo was first to observe have fixed the date on which a robot probe might leave Earth for the Venutian neighborhood. The date given by Congressmen for the rocket take off is June 3. At that time, Venus will be well on its way back from superior conjunction (farthest distance from Earth, 64,000,000 miles away, on November 12 last) towards its eastern elongation (due June 23) or half-moon-like appearance as the evening star. But the rocket will be on its way to Venus for 150 days. Therefore, the launch will not be aimed toward the approaching planet but away from it.

In visualizing what will happen, we must keep in mind that Venus travels about the Sun *inside* Earth's orbit. Consequently, when Venus is closest to us it is directly between Earth and the Sun. The Venutian hemisphere then turned toward us is dark, all the sunlight being caught on the opposite hemisphere and reflected back at the Sun. It would not do for the exploring robot to arrive at Venus during that dark phase (which is due September 1) because there would be no way to tell whether it ever got there. The place in the sky that the rocket will be pointed toward is the point of Venus's eastern elongation, where the planet shines as a magnificent herald of the dawn.

Next November 11 is the date when Venus is due at that particular point in the heavens. A turn at mental arithmetic makes it evident that there are more than 150 days between June 3 and November 11. Has something gone





TO MOST PEOPLE, museums are storage closets of science, collectors of the past and the dead. And some museums do fit that description. But in others, such as the American Museum of Natural History on New York City's Central Park West, research into the unknown proceeds as fast as relics of the known accumulate. The American Museum is ninety years old this year, and the April issue of one of its journals, *Natural Science*, carries pictorial evidence of life and vigor. These two photographs are reprinted from that anniversary observance. One (left) shows the late Samuel Harmstead Chubb, comparative anatomist on the Museum staff for half a century, dangling high above the ground on a rope-and-pulley rig. How he held the camera in that precarious position is one of the secrets of science. But he did hold it, and got a revealing record on film of the trotting horse on the path below him. For an example of how he turned such research into art, see the picture of the skeletons of man and a rearing horse (right).

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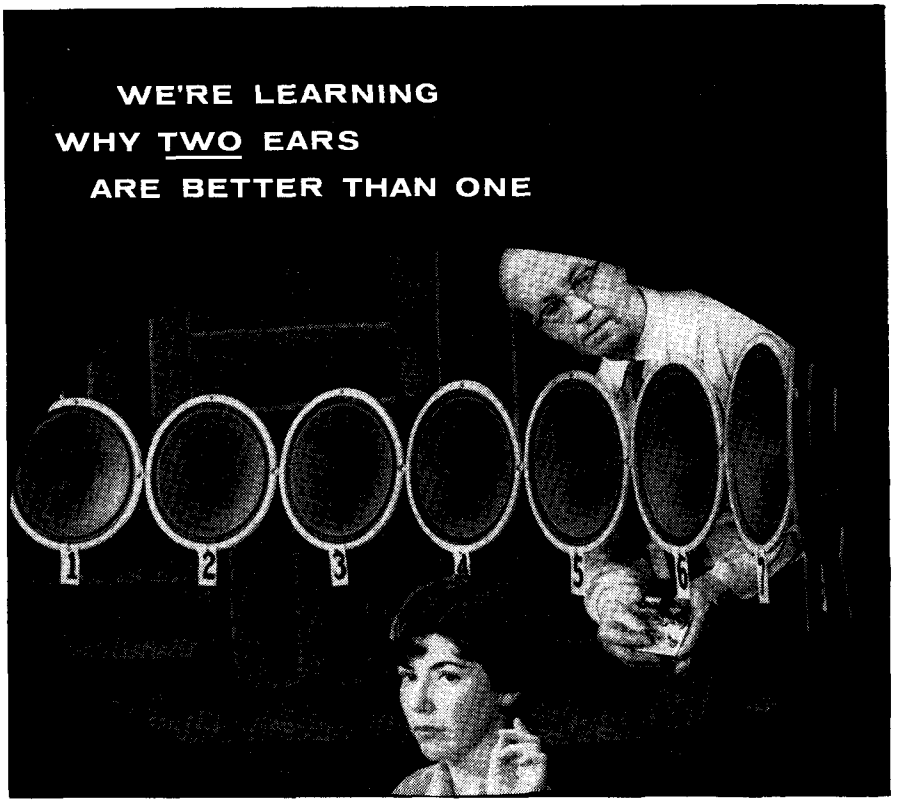
wrong with the calculations, then? Not at all. The astronomers know what they are about. For some reason not yet clearly understood, the time when Venus is *actually supposed to be* dichtomized (an old Greek phrase for "cut in half") and the time when it *appears to be* are, on the average, about eight days apart. That is to say, the heavenly symbol of feminine beauty is always late getting up.

The most widely held hypothesis is that the difference in time between Venus's orbital schedule and the planet's apparent arrival at the main stations en route must be due to Venus's atmosphere. If the envelope of "air" surrounding Venus is deeper than the envelope in which the Earth floats, the sunlight may be sufficiently refracted to seem to displace our comely neighbor from her real position. One of the finest exercises in pure astronomy that we have seen for some time is the study S. H. Dole made for the Rand Corporation in Santa Monica, California, to try to determine what the Venutian atmosphere is really like.

Noting that all we know about Venus could be written on a small scrap of paper, scientist Dole proceeded to write in the smallest possible space what little was available. The result was a table of dimensions, masses, and densities of the terrestrial planets: Earth, Venus, Mars, Mercury, and the Moon. Squeezing the table into a graph, he ended with one pencil line which indicated that mass determines dimensions. Knowing the mass of Venus, he applied the mathematical equation suggested by the line on the graph and came up with a Venutian radius of 3,733 to 3,765 miles. Astronomers had previously estimated that the distance from the top of Venus's cloud cover to the center of the planet was 3,780 to 3,920 miles. Subtracting his figure from the astronomers' figure, Dole got a range of 15 to 187 miles for the depth of Venus's atmosphere to the top of the clouds.

WHAT was this atmosphere made of? To answer that question, Dole began with the fact that Earth and Venus are practically twins. The only established difference between them is distance from the Sun. The Earth is 93,000,000 miles away; Venus is 67,200,000 miles. Venus therefore is bombarded by twice the amount of solar light and heat reaching Earth.

Suppose that Earth had been where Venus is when the planetary system was formed billions of years ago? What would have happened to the water, carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide, and nitrogen that poured out of Earth's rocks through volcanic vents to form a new atmosphere after the



Which speaker is making the sound? In echoless chamber at Bell Labs, Robert Hanson measures test subject's ability to localize sounds — observes how two ears operate in partnership. This and other tests may point the way to better telephone instruments.

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Alexander Graham Bell's interest in deafness and hearing led to the invention of the telephone. Bell Laboratories' explorations in binaural sound may well lead to important new advances in the transmission of speech and music.

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...NEWS IS HAPPENING AT NORTHROP

WELKO E. GASICH
Director of Weapon System Development Engineering, Norair Division of Northrop Corporation, Hawthorne, California

Solving Problems of Manned Space Flight ~at Northrop

by Welko E. Gasich

Man in space. To put him there and return him safely to earth, no scientific breakthroughs are needed. It is now a problem of engineering. Engineers must solve lunar space challenges that include reliability, radiation, and human environment problems. Man himself must be trained for the environmental problems associated with either boost-glide or ballistic recovery. These are the areas in which the scientist and the engineer at Northrop are working today.

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original atmosphere floated off into space? Dole found that Earth's temperature would rise to a mean of 156° F. When this happened, there would be an upward movement of the "cold trap" that now precipitates water at the tropopause and prevents any large amount of water vapor from escaping higher than eleven miles. The rain-forming mechanism would operate at much lower efficiency, and most of the water which is now on Earth's surface would remain in the atmosphere. The planet would become barren and dry. With the disappearance of liquid water, carbon dioxide would cease dissolving and begin to float freely above the surface, blotting up a larger portion of the increased solar heat and generating fierce winds. The proportion of nitrogen would not change much, but enormous amounts of oxygen would be loosed to go to work on the rocks. Earth's crust would be eaten away to a depth of several miles. Silicone and aluminum particles would rise into the upper clouds, giving the planet a whitish glow like the one we now see on Venus.

• • •

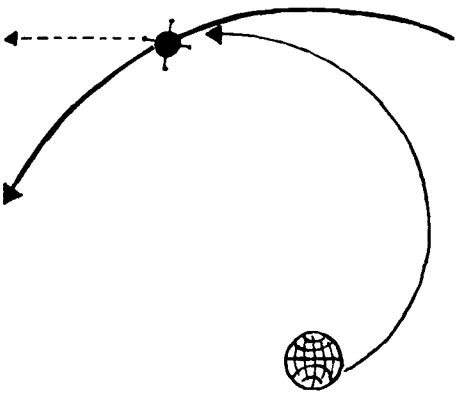
A RUSSIAN original thinker of a quarter century ago, Dr. A. I. Oparin—associate director of the Biochemical Institute, USSR Academy of Science, introduced the speculation that life on earth evolved from proteins after they had formed from primitive compounds of carbon and nitrogen. Then, in 1955, Dr. Stanley L. Miller, of the University of Chicago, inspired by the thinking of Nobel Laureate Harold Urey, mixed the gases Oparin attributed to Earth's early atmosphere (methane, ammonia, hydrogen and water vapour), shot electrical charges through them in simulation of prehistoric lightning, and created most of the score of amino-acids that make up proteins.

At that point the chain of creation parted—or seemed to part. Almost everyone who thought about it assumed that Earth's early development took place amidst a marked degree of heat. Yet experiment after experiment proved that heating of amino-acids left only a tarry inert mess.

At the 135th national meeting of the American Chemical Society in Boston in April 1959, two researchers from Florida State University at Tallahassee reported discovery of what they believe to be another link in the chemical evolution that finally brought forth Man.

Five years of work went into the announcement, which was worded with cautious conservatism. Kaoru Harada, a research associate at Florida State, and Dr. Sidney W. Fox, professor of chemistry there, discussed their findings entirely in terms of "biochemical processes."

When Mr. Harada and Dr. Fox began to explore the problem, one of the peculiarities they noticed about amino-acids was that two of the eighteen-to-twenty protein-makers were present in disproportionately large amounts in lower forms of protein such as the cereal grains. Aspartic acid and glutamic acid constituted anywhere from one-fourth to one-half of the protein. A similar dominance of these same two acids was found to occur among the aminos that floated free and independently in the sap of green plants and the body fluids of animals. Moreover, it turned out, aspartic and glutamic acids served as



—*Adapted from* Griffith Observer.

EARTH SATELLITES DO NOT ORBIT for the reason given in last month's responses to *SR*'s Man-in-Space questionnaire. Prof. Nathaniel H. Frank, head of the physics department of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says it is simply not true that orbits are maintained through a perfect balancing of centrifugal force against the pull of gravity. He points out that the laws of motion keep moving bodies moving in a straight line unless an external force interferes. Thus, if the forces acting on the satellite in sketch above were balanced, the satellite would fly off in the direction of the dotted line. The truth is that the forces at work on the satellite are *un*balanced. The pull of gravity is interfering with normal straight-line motion. The satellite isn't going fast enough to get away from the pull, but is falling continually toward the Earth without falling fast enough to come down altogether.

Dimitri M. Mihalas, a University of California astronomer, has published the following simple illustration of what really happens to a satellite:

"Suppose we take a fast left turn in an automobile. We know from experience that we tend to slide across the seat to the right. We tend to slide because our bodies want to proceed on a straight line while the car is turning out from under us. The reason we do go around the curve is that the car seat is pushing us around with an inward force which accelerates us away from the straight line. The outward force exerted by our bodies on the car seat is merely a *reaction* force, and has nothing to do with accelerating us around the curve." Centrifugal force, therefore, is not involved.

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gatekeepers in many biochemical processes, transferring nitrogen atoms from the molecules of certain chemical compounds to form other amino-acids necessary to further steps in the processes.

In putting these observations together and turning them around, the two Florida researchers glimpsed a fascinating possibility: an excess of aspartic and glutamic acid might be a chemical requirement for evolution!

To test their hypothesis, they put together a mixture of all the amino-acid constituents of protein, with more than a proportionate share of the two suspected prime movers. After cooking the stuff for three hours at a temperature around 350° F., they recovered a synthetic protein from their laboratory retorts.

In later repetitions to confirm the experiment, they discovered to their surprise and pleasure that along with the new protein they were producing materials such as living organisms make—in exactly the same sequence of manufacture as these materials appear in life. The parallel was interpreted to mean that Nature simultaneously makes proteins and the enzymes necessary to link them into the metabolic systems that keep life going.

As long as the aspartic and glutamic acids were proportionately in excess of the other protein constituents, the reaction worked. There was no threshold of excess below which the process stopped. But the greater the excess of the two key elements, the faster the protein formation proceeded.

All the amino-acids that went into the mixture were present in the finished synthetic protein, which had molecular weights (3,000 to 10,000) in the same range as the weights of natural proteins. Like natural proteins, the synthetic was soluble in dilute salt solution and was thrown out of solution by too much salt. The synthetic reacted chemically in other ways similar to natural protein. One bacterium (Lactobacillus, arabinosus), for instance, accepted it as food in place of peptone. And the synthetic protein was susceptible to attack, as natural proteins are, by the mammalian intestinal enzyme, chymotrypsin, and by meat tenderizer.

The Tallahassee scientists reported that synthetic proteins made in their laboratory are already the subject of experiments in other laboratories to determine their ability to form fibres and films. The possibility thus arises of a great variety of artificial proteins comparable to Nature's multitude of animal-hairs (including wool), nails, skins, secretions (such as silk), hormones, and enzymes. Synthetic foods may be healthier than natural ones through inclusion of high proportions of lysine, tryptophan or methionine, essential amino-acids often lacking in present day diets. More significant than any of these is the potential use of the synthetic process as a tool of research into progressively higher forms of life.

• • •

SHOULD there be a Secretary of Science in the Cabinet of the President of the United States?

When *SR*/Research raised that question publicly, for the first time in a general magazine of national circulation, in February 1957, a storm of protest rose from the scientific world. Visions of dictatorship were seen. The ruin of free research was feared. *SR*'s proposal hadn't been dogmatic. A willingness to accept almost any gesture of coordination at the White House level was expressed. But the furor continued for some time.

Then, in the autumn of that year, the Russians launched the first man-made satellite of Earth. A Special Assistant to the President for Science and Technology was appointed almost overnight. The appointee, Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., revitalized the existing Science Advisory Council. More recently, he asked and obtained the establishment of a Federal Council for Science and Technology to bring together regularly policy level spokesmen for the National Science Foundation, the Atomic Energy Commission, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and the Federal departments of Agriculture, Commerce, Interior, and Health, Education and Welfare. For the first time in the history of the government, bureaucrats today are being required to think of science in terms of its overall impact. And talk of a Secretary of Science is no longer frightening. It is now merely controversial, along with almost everything else in science.

In mid-April, the Subcommittee on Reorganization of the U.S. Senate Committee on Government Operations put the controversy on public view, in two days of formal hearings. The scientific community was still generally opposed to a Department of Science that would embrace all science activities of the government. Most scientists were convinced that it would be impossible, even if desirable, to separate from the different departments the science functions that supported daily operations. There was also agreement on two other previously disputed points: (1) the National Science Foundation should continue as it is, a simple grant-giving agency, and should not be expected to fulfill its original assignment of creating policy, and (2) policy questions should

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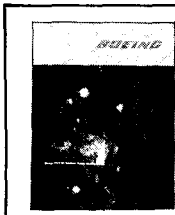

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remain centered in Assistant President Killian's office at the White House.

Surprising support developed for a plan that Lloyd Berkner, a member of Dr. Killian's Science Advisory Committee, had been repeatedly offering for six months. It calls for a new Department of Science and Technology with the following ten divisions:

Physical sciences and standards.
Oceanography.
Meteorology and climatology.
Continental structure and resources.
Scientific and technical information.
Government map service.
Time, geodesy, and astronomy.
Continental fish and wildlife.
Radio and outer atmosphere.
Polar activities.

"A real division of oceanography could look to the establishment of a sound oceanographic program operating twenty or thirty ships," Berkner has pointed out. "Such a program could be developed in close juxtaposition to universities and research institutions so that the expert knowledge of our whole academic community could be brought to bear on the entire range of oceanographic problems. It should include the ocean-going and map-making functions of the Coast and Geodetic Survey and of the Hydrographic Office, but in addition it must include operations, expeditions, and scientific studies on a scale commensurate with the whole scientific job on the coasts, in the oceans, and under the oceans, which we are now unable to accomplish. Marine resources and marine biology would certainly form an important aspect of its work.

"The division of meteorology and climatology should embrace not only the present forecasting and weather services, but also responsibility for surface and ground water surveys of the Geological Survey, evaporation studies, snow, ice, glaciology, and permafrost, and indeed the whole responsibility for water resources; we cannot forget that water is now our most valuable mineral. Certainly, a major emphasis of the Division would be a real research problem looking to full light of knowledge on precise short-range, seasonal, and long-range forecasting, and the potentialities of weather control."

Among the supporters of Berkner's scheme is Dr. Dael Wolfle, executive officer of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Dr. Wolfle indicated his position—a significant one in view of the flat opposition to a Department of Science voted at the 1958 Parliament of Science sponsored by the AAAS—in an early April lecture at the University of Nebraska.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

AGING THEORY

IN THE APRIL 4, 1959 *Saturday Review*, Mr. Lear says, "The first scientific theory (of) how we begin to die" was published by Dr. Leo Szilard in the January, 1959 Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences.

I would certainly not wish to claim my theory of aging published in April, 1956 was the first attempt to answer this question of How We Begin to Die?, but at least it was published two years earlier than Dr. Szilard's article. My theory was capable of being tested in the laboratory and has already successfully passed one critical test of its validity. This work was reported to the National Academy of Sciences in 1957. Other work is now under way.

As you realize this is a subject of great practical importance. If further work proves my theory to be essentially correct it will mean that the question of the cause of aging will have been transferred from the realm of speculation into the realm of chemistry.

JOSEPH W. STILL, M.D.
Bucks Co. Health Dept.
Doylestown, Pa.

HOW BIG THE SUN?

I HAVE JUST read Donald N. Michael's report on the results of the Man in Space questionnaire in the April 4 issue of *SR*, and I wish to raise a point in connection with the wording of one of the questions. The question reads: "How many times larger than the Earth is the Sun?" The correct answer is given as one million times.

The size of an astronomical body is conventionally given by stating its diameter. On this basis, the Sun is 109 times as large as the Earth. It was with this interpretation that I answered the question in my copy of the questionnaire.

In view of the fact that fully a third of the sample thought the Sun was at least 1000 times smaller by comparison than it actually is, I suggest that at least some of these people answered with a diameter-ratio in mind, and consequently were correct. If the question were reworded to specifically indicate the measure of size intended, I expect the number of correct answers would exceed the reported twelve per cent.

I suggest that this interpretation be considered before extensive statistical analyses are undertaken.

WALLACE R. RUST.
Rochester, N.Y.

UNSOCIAL SCIENCE

ROBERTA SILMAN, in Sociable Science (part of a report on your Man-in-Space questionnaire), commenting on the under-20 group's response to the question, "is there (enough, not enough, too much) emphasis on the social sciences," seemed terribly disappointed in the youngster's response. They thought, Miss Silman says, that there was too much emphasis on social sciences, and not enough emphasis on the natural ones. I must say, my reaction was quite the opposite. I was relieved to note that at least among younger people there is still a tendency to think clearly.

Miss Silman suggests that the standards in social science departments in our colleges and universities are not tough enough to challenge the best young minds. I agree—but I would add that a more important avenue of inquiry might lie in just what premises are the social sciences based on—and what generalizations are they making about man?

BETTY L. SCHWARTZ.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Roberta Silman boiled the challenge down to this: "What are we training children to care about?"*

SPACE TAX

It might be well for those who are roaring around in outer space to come down to earth for a while. It appears that 76 per cent of a sample of *SR* readers "feel that the effort to put man in space is good." Perhaps it might be "good" to build a bridge across the Atlantic Ocean, which could probably be done if we were willing to spend the money that would require.

The real question to be answered is, *how* "good" is the space-travel objective? Should it have priority over national defense, education, health improvement, exploration of the ocean floor, rendering habitable most areas of uninhabitable land, development of solar energy, and other important projects? If the answer is that we should attend to all of those things together, would it not be well to make some slight effort to estimate and apportion the funds required? And then to work up a little schedule showing the necessary increase in taxes and who will have the pleasure of paying them?

E. D. WILLIAMS.
New York, N. Y.

CORROBORATION

HEARTIEST congratulations on your magnificent piece which should do much to reverse the headlong trend toward more if not better antibiotics. In the course of our opinion sampling, everything you have to say was corroborated with special emphasis on public pressure for miracle drugs which only the most professionally secure physician is able to withstand.

(MRS.) ETHEL L. GINSBURG,
Citizens' Committee for Children.
New York, N. Y.

ANTISEPTICS, TOO

MR. LEAR IS TO BE congratulated on his fine factual article on antibiotics. What he said is in many respects true also of antiseptics. According to the advertisements, it is impossible to be a success in life without using them. If you haven't been using them, how you ever survived in this "germ infected world," is supposedly a mystery!

THOMAS H. GRAINGER, PH. D.,
Associate Professor of Bacteriology,
Lehigh University.
Bethlehem, Pa.

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CAN SCIENCE PROVE WHEN TIME BEGAN?

Editor's Note: *Man has always wondered whence he came, and how long he has been on the way. The philosopher and the scientist each has sought the answer by his own lights. This week a new book,* "The Individual and the Universe" *(Copyright © 1959 by A. C. B. Lovell, Harper and Bros., $3) asks the provocative question: Will science soon prove the case through the radio telescope (right)? Research data available since the book went to press are included in the following excerpt from British astronomer Lovell's work.*

—*Wide World.*

By A. C. B. LOVELL

I SUPPOSE it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the problem of the origin of the universe is the greatest challenge to the intellect which faces man. I cannot pretend that I have any new solution to offer you. However, the air is alive with a new hope and expectancy because our new instruments of astronomical observation, the radio telescopes (which hear rather than see and so can detect objects too distant to be visible), may be reaching out so far into space that we may soon be able to speak with more confidence. I am going to set out the problem as I see it, and I hope you will get an idea of these vast cosmological issues and of the implications of the alternative solutions which lie ahead.

The largest optical telescopes in existence today tell us about the universe as it exists out to distances of about two thousand million light years. At that distance we are seeing the universe as it existed two thousand million years ago. Within this vast area of space and time we can study several hundred million galaxies of stars. As far as we can see, the overall structure of the universe within these limits has a high degree of uniformity. There is no indication that we are seeing anything but a small part of the total universe.

To give this small part more familiar dimensions, one should recall that the Sun is eight light-minutes away from Earth, five light-hours away from the planet Pluto, and four light-years away from the next nearest star. By the standards of the cosmos, the solar system is an extremely compact unit, rotating on the edge of the Milky Way. Looking across this galaxy of ten thousand million stars, then on across the cluster of perhaps two dozen other galaxies to which we now believe the Milky Way belongs, we see thousands of millions of systems, each made up of thousands of millions of stars.

This is our present observable horizon of the universe. The radio telescopes well may push this horizon back perhaps a few thousand million light years. Then we must be content. No further strivings or inventions of man will enable us to probe the conditions which existed in epochs of history beyond. They are gone forever.

At this point we reach the second stage of our inquiry. Can we formulate a theory in terms of known physical laws whose predictions agree so well with the present observable universe that we can predict the past and future?

SEVERAL theories can explain from acceptable postulates the present observable state of the universe. These bring us face to face with the ultimate problem of the origin of the universe in ways which are startlingly different. But the new techniques in astronomy may be on the verge of producing observational data decisively in favor of one or other of them. At least one of the alternatives would, I think, present theology with a very serious dilemma. In fact, if the full implications of the theory eventually receive the support of astronomical observations it is difficult to see how certain fundamental doctrines could continue to be maintained in their present harmonious relation with our physical knowledge of the universe.

I think it would be correct to say that evolutionary models of the universe, which are a consequence of Einstein's general theory of relativity, are regarded with the most favor by

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the majority of contemporary astronomers. The possible types fall into three main families. One is a universe which starts from a point origin at a finite time in the past and expands continuously to become infinitely large after an infinite time. Another is a universe whose radius has a certain finite value at the initial moment of time, and thence expands to become infinite after an infinite time. A third is a universe which expands from zero radius to a certain maximum and then collapses to zero again, this process of oscillation being capable of indefinite repetition.

By far the most thoroughly studied of these is the Abbé Lemaître's model, according to which the universe originated at a finite time in the past and expands to an infinite size at an infinite future time. At present there are no known features of the observable universe which are incompatible with it. The fundamental concept of it is that the universe originated from a dense and small conglomerate which Lemaître calls the primeval atom.

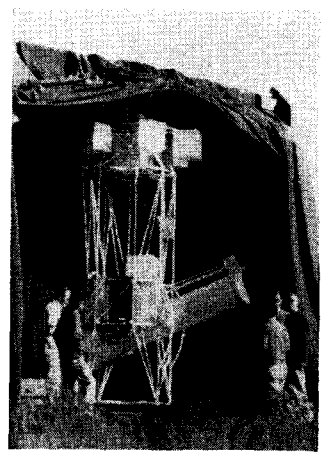
If the universe was created in this manner then the conception that the creation of the primeval material was a divine act can never be attacked by scientific investigation. A set of conditions which existed over twenty thousand million years ago, and which can never return again, is forever beyond investigation.

From the initial moment of time when the primeval atom disintegrated, astronomy and mathematics can attempt to describe the subsequent history of the universe to the state which we observe today. But when we inquire what the primeval atom was like, how it disintegrated and by what means and at what time it was created we begin to cross the boundaries of physics into the realms of philosophy and theology.

THE alternative to the evolutionary theory of creation is that creation of matter is taking place continuously, and that although stars and galaxies evolve from this basic material, the universe, when considered as a large-scale structure, is in a steady state. Although individual galaxies recede beyond the observable horizon, others are always being created to take their place. In a million million years' time the universe will look very much as it does now. The individual galaxies will have changed, but their average spatial density remains the same, because matter is always in creation throughout all of space.

The implications of this point of view are, of course, profound. For example, there cannot have been a beginning in any scale of time at all. However far we go back, there is no stage at which we can say that the universe, as a whole, had a beginning. In the only language at our command we can say that the history of the universe on the steady-state theory extends to an infinite time in the past.

The conflict between the steady-state and evolutionary theories is of the very greatest significance to cosmology and to human thought. The evolutionary theory, I repeat, places the creation of matter beyond human investigation. But if the steady-state theory is correct, then the primeval



—*U. S. Navy.*

The sun-hunting telescope.

AS DIRECTOR OF THE JODRELL BANK Experimental Station near Manchester, England, Dr. Alfred C. B. Lovell is uniquely qualified to explore the evolution of the universe. For he has at his command the most powerful instrument available to any astronomer—the biggest radio telescope in the world. But he is not alone in his expeditions into the distant past. This country has its bands of sky probers, too, one of them headed by Dr. Martin Schwarzschild of Princeton University. By 1961, his group expects to be photographing the birth of stars through a telescope with a thirty-six inch lens, floating fifteen miles above the surface of the Earth in the gondola of a balloon. Up there, with ninety-six percent of the distorting scintillations of Earth's atmosphere below it, the telescope will peer at mysteries man has never seen before and flash pictures down, through a remote-controlled TV hookup, to the astronomers, safe on the ground beneath.

One point of special curiosity for the big glass eye will be the Orion nebulosity, within our own Milky Way. Earth-bound telescopes now see this shimmery thing as a gaseous cloud bank. Within it, astronomers suspect, new stars are probably being formed. With the obscuring effects of Earth's atmosphere removed, sharply defined images of individual stars in different stages of evolution ought to be possible. And in the Andromeda galaxy, not far by cosmic mileage from ours, there is a puzzling very bright point which Dr. Schwarzschild describes as a probable cluster of "slews and slews of stars." The stratoscope photographs may bring this strange sparkling close enough to reveal a whole nestful of stars being hatched simultaneously—which is how science now thinks the heavens are populated.

With a balloon floating free on the wind, how can the Princeton scientists be sure of accurate observations? First of all, there is no wind at that height. The jet streams roar far below. Besides, Dr. Schwarzschild doesn't pretend to be certain. "To be a scientist," he observes, "one has to be an optimist."

He is not a happy-go-lucky experimenter, however. The balloon's stability will be tested this summer with flights by a twelve-inch telescope. The target this time will be Earth's parent star, the Sun, or, more specifically, the edge of a sunspot. And the TV set will be focused to record the size, the regularity, and the lifetimes of the bubbles in the spherical sea of solar gas.

A strong set of nerves will be required of the man who scans the TV screen and manipulates the buttons to adjust the telescope's aim while the balloon hangs in midsky. Dr. Schwarzschild says he'll leave that job to his young research assistants: John Rogerson, Bob Danielson, and John Bahng. But his caution must not be taken as beginner's trepidation. Thrice already he and his crew have put the balloon up and made observations from it. That happened during the summer of 1957, at the General Mills airport outside Minneapolis. The telescope was manned by a robot that hunted out the Sun.

Four surprising photographs have come from those three expeditions, the American Optical Society learned at a New York meeting a few weeks ago. Instead of the disordered jumble of gases the astronomers expected to find heating the outer layer of the Sun, there appeared a kalaeidescopically ordered pattern of polygon-shaped light surging upward from the solar core, intersticed with narrow darknesses like a honeycomb. Apparently the turbulence of the gases is somehow diverted into a quieter state when the gases reach the sixty-mile-thick soupish envelope that astronomers recognize as the Sun's face. The geometrical configurations, Dr. Schwarzschild noted, were the same as those that form when paraffin is heated slowly over a low flame. The temperature difference between the hottest and the coldest gases was only 200 degrees F. instead of the expected 1500 degrees F. Dr. Schwarzschild doesn't yet know why. Maybe the pattern in the paraffin will tell. —ROBERT A. JONQUIL.

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gas is being created now, at this moment, and hence is open to human investigation. The tools of science can probe the regions of space where this creation is occurring.

If time and space had a beginning, then when the universe was only a few thousand million years old it would be much more compact than it is today. The galaxies would be in existence, but they would be packed closer together compared with their spatial density today. The spatial density today—by which I mean the number of galaxies within, say, fifty or a hundred million light years of the Milky Way—can be determined by the large optical telescopes. If we could count the number in a similar volume of space at a distance of several thousand million light years we should in effect be making a count of the galaxies as they existed several thousand million years ago. If creation is still taking place, then on the steady-state theory this number should be the same as today. If the evolutionary model is correct, then the spatial density at this distance in time and space will be much greater.

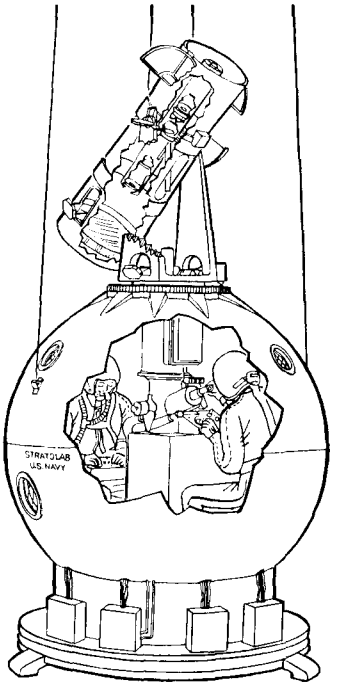
THE possibility of carrying out this decisive observational test excites the imagination. Unfortunately it seems likely that the hindrances introduced by the atmosphere of the earth will prevent the great optical telescopes from penetrating to the required regions of space. It may well be that only when optical telescopes can be carried in earth satellites or erected on the Moon will it be possible to look back into the past to this extent. Before the advent of such futuristic enterprises it seems likely that the great radio telescopes will give us the answer we require. Already, we believe, we are witnessing collisions of galaxies which, for reasons not yet understood, generate radio waves easily picked up in the radio telescopes, although the light from these galaxies is so faint that they must be far beyond the range of optical telescopes. We believe that these investigations are already taking us so far out in space and so far back in time that the radio waves have been on their journey for a few thousand million years. The circumstantial evidence for this belief in the origin of many of the unidentified radio sources is very strong, and if this is confirmed we have the tools with which human beings can bring the cosmological issues to a decisive test.

As a matter of hard fact, radio astronomers in Cambridge (England) and in Sydney (Australia) claim to have made the counts of the remote galaxies which are necessary to determine the question. However, the results are in direct contradiction to each other and no satisfactory conclusion can yet be drawn. Various experiments are now in progress in an effort to throw further light on the problem. For example, we at Jodrell Bank are studying the diameters of the unidentified objects that are being measured, in hope of making some sort of classification of the objects. It it difficult to guess when these various experiments might yield results which would be generally acceptable. But it seems to me to be reasonable to expect progress within a matter of a few years.

The concept of continuous creation also presents us with another opportunity to make an even more direct and decisive test. If the theory is correct, then the hydrogen gas which forms the primeval material of the galaxies must be in creation at a considerable rate. The theory demands the appearance of hydrogen at the rate of several million million trillion tons per second in the observable universe. Although this figure is vast, by ordinary human concepts of terrestrial space the rate is exceedingly slow. It represents the creation of only a few atoms of hydrogen per cubic mile of space per year. The presence of this hydrogen in intergalactic space may well be detectable in the near future by the radio telescopes.

The method here is to listen for what we astronomers call a "twenty-one centimeter emission" from a remote galaxy. Every chemical element in nature has a characteristic wavelength in the electromagnetic spectrum, a kind of fingerprint. The identifying wave of neutral hydrogen gas is twenty-one centimeters long. This particular spectral "sound" has been very useful in radio exploration of the Milky Way. It also helped to confirm the existence of colliding galaxies in the constellation of Cygnus. With sufficiently sensitive instruments, it should be possible to find any hydrogen there may be in intergalactic space. Although any one hydrogen atom is likely to emit the twenty-one centimeter wave only once in eleven million years, the numbers of atoms in the interstellar clouds of hydrogen gas are so great that the emission should be detectable.

As individuals we must therefore face the possibility that within the next few years astronomers may be able to speak with unanimity about the ultimate cosmological problem. Only the materialist can turn aside unmoved by this prospect. For others, a settlement of this cosmological issue might mean an affirmation or rejection of deeply embedded philosophical and theological beliefs.



WHILE THE TELESCOPIC EAR at Jodrell Bank listens for interstellar news of cosmic evolution, optical telescopes are on the lookout for signs of the same events. The big eye on Mt. Palomar—200 inches across—can see about as far as astronomers ever expect to see through Earth's atmosphere. To get above the atmosphere for a good clear look has become the objective of an increasing number of scientists.

Floating telescopes in gondolas under high-flying balloons is an obvious intermediate step. Dr. Martin Schwarzschild's robot stratoscope (see box on the page opposite) is taking TV pictures in visible light near the top of the atmosphere. Dr. John Strong, of Johns Hopkins University, plans to ride a different balloon to the same neighborhood this summer to learn what the invisible heat waves of infra-red light have to tell.

The cutaway sketch above, adapted from the *Griffith Observer*, shows how the gondola will house the two sky explorers while they focus the instrument overhead.

My present personal attitude to the scientific aspects of the problem is neutral in the sense that I do not believe that there yet exist any observational data which are decisively in favor of any particular contemporary cosmology. The optimism with which I believe that we are on the verge of producing the necessary observational data is tempered with a deep apprehension, born of bitter experience, that the decisive experiment nearly always extends one's horizon into regions of new doubts.

On the question of the creation of the primeval material of the universe

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it seems to me unlikely that there can ever be a scientific description, whether in terms of the evolutionary or steady-state theories. If the idea of continuous creation is substantiated, then science will have penetrated very far indeed into the ultimate processes of the universe. It might then appear that a completely materialistic framework would have been established, but it does not seem to me that this is the case. If one imagines a scientific device which is so perfect that it could record the appearance of a single hydrogen atom as demanded by the continuous creation theory, then the scientific description of the process would still be imperfect. A quite fundamental difficulty would appear in the further effort to obtain information about the nature of the energy input which gave rise to the created atom.

If I were pressed on this problem of creation I would say, therefore, that any cosmology must eventually move over into metaphysics for reasons which are inherent in modern scientific theory. The epoch of this transfer may be now and at all future time, or it may have been twenty thousand million years ago. In respect of creation the most that we can hope from our future scientific observations is a precise determination of the epoch.

I must emphasize that this is a personal view. The attitudes of my professional colleagues would be varied. Some would no doubt approve of this or a similar line of metaphysical thought. Others would not be willing to face even this fundamental limit to scientific knowledge, although an analogous limitation occurs in modern scientific theory which describes the well-known processes of atomic behavior. Some, I am afraid, will be aghast at my temerity in discussing the issue at all. As far as this group is concerned, all that I can say is that I sometimes envy their ability to evade by neglect such a problem which can tear the individual's mind asunder.

The validity of combining a metaphysical and physical process as a description of creation is the individual's problem. In my own case. I have lived my days as a scientist, but science has never claimed the whole of my existence. Some, at least, of the influence of my upbringing and environment has survived the conflict, so that I find no difficulty in accepting this conclusion. I am no more surprised or distressed at the limitation of science when faced with this great problem of creation than I am at the limitation of the spectroscope in describing the radiance of a sunset or at the theory of counterpoint in describing the beauty of a fugue.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

ANTIQUITY'S NORTHBOUND COLUMBUS

Pytheas of Marseilles (300 B.C.)

PYTHEAS was a native of Marseilles, the city which those doughty seamen the Phocaeans founded and which grew and stayed rich through overseas trade. He made an epoch-making voyage, but nothing written by his own hand survives, just excerpts made by those who had access to his writings, many of whom were convinced he was an out-and-out liar and only mentioned what he said to scoff at it. They would have done better to take him seriously. Pytheas was no charlatan but the most scientific seaman of the ancient world.

He was the first navigator to observe that the polestar did not mark true north. We know this through one of the stray notices that are scattered among the writings of ancient astronomers and geographers: "In fact there is no star at the pole but an empty space close to which lie three stars; these, taken with the point of the pole, make a rough quadrangle, as Pytheas of Marseilles tells us."

Sometime during the decades before 300 B.C., Pytheas sailed out of the harbor of Marseilles, headed his prow westward, and got under way on a voyage that was not to end until he had gone around Spain to the British Isles and beyond. He sailed to a quarter of the globe as unknown then as America was in Columbus's day, and returned safely. For centuries whatever was known of the northern regions was derived from his observations.

During his voyage he took observations of the sun which helped later geographers to establish a number of parallels of latitude. Besides determining the true position of the polestar, he was the first to notice the connection between Moon and tides.

One of his reasons for going was certainly scientific, to explore and collect astronomical data, but this cannot be the whole explanation. He was not wealthy enough to finance such a voyage on his own, so he must have got backing from the merchants of Marseilles. Yet it's hard to imagine that they would put up hard cash in

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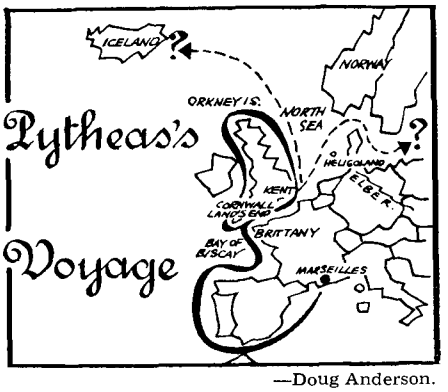

—Doug Anderson.

return for some abstruse geographical findings. It is more likely that they did it in order to get information about the source of tin, one of their prized objects of trade. It reached the city from somewhere up north but only overland through France; the cheap sea route around Spain was a monopoly of the Carthaginian merchants of Cadiz. If Pytheas could come up with some way to circumvent them or somehow increase the supply, his trip would be worth every penny it cost.

Like all ancient voyages of exploration, Pytheas's is full of problems and the very first is how he managed to evade the Carthaginian blockade at Gibraltar. Possibly his timing was right: he may have picked one of the years between 310 and 306 B.C. when Carthage, locked in a bitter struggle with the Greeks of Sicily, may have dropped her guard at the strait. The first leg of the journey is clear enough. He skirted the Atlantic coast of Spain and the shores of the Bay of Biscay, doubled the northwest tip of Brittany, and reached the Breton coast. From here he crossed the Channel to Cornwall and absolved some of his obligations to his backers by reporting on the tin mining there. He watched the workers excavate ore along galleries, smelt and refine it, and hammer it into cube-shaped ingots for shipment.

Probably his next step was to circumnavigate Britain. This enabled him to report, correctly enough, that the island was shaped like a triangle, its three points being Belerium (Land's End), Cantium (Kent), and Orca (the northern tip of Scotland just below the Orkney Islands). He estimated the length of the sides of this triangle, getting the proportions right (3:6:8) but just about doubling their total extent. The only means for measuring at his disposal was by reckoning the time spent in sailing, and he must have overrated his speed; most ancient explorers did. He established the location of Britain ("it extends obliquely along Europe") and probably of Ireland, and made several visits into the interior of the former to observe the inhabitants.

So far it has been relatively easy to follow Pytheas's track. Now the trouble begins. At some point during his voyage he heard of—or perhaps even visited—an "Island of Thule" which, he reported, lay six days' sail north of Britain and only one day south of the "frozen" sea, and the sun there went down for only two or three hours at night. It was surrounded by some mysterious substance which he actually saw but which he gives an obscure and puzzling description; he may possibly be referring to the heavy sea fogs common in these regions. No known place fits his description in all respects but there are only two real possibilities: Iceland or Norway. . . .

Pytheas crossed the Channel from Britain back to the Breton shore and then proceeded to skirt the coast eastward, a journey that took him past an enormous estuary and to an island where amber was so plentiful the natives used it for fuel. This part of his travels has led to the wildest guesses of all; some commentators have taken him right around Denmark into the Baltic, a source of amber since prehistoric times. But it is more likely that Pytheas got no further than the North Sea, that his estuary was that of the Elbe and his island Heligoland, also an amber depot.

WHEN Pytheas finally dropped anchor in the harbor of Marseilles, he had covered between 7,000 and 7,500 miles, as much as Columbus had on his first voyage. He had completed one of the most daring feats of navigation made in any age and, from the point of view of the world's knowledge, a most important one: for centuries geographers depended for information about northern countries on his data. He opened their eyes to the fact that lands which lay so far north that everyone believed they were barren wastes were habitable. It is not strange that armchair geographers, knowing nothing of the effect of the Gulf Stream and the moist Atlantic winds on climate, found the facts he reported hard to believe.

There is some slight evidence that his backers received dividends on their investment: the tin trade, from Cornwall across the Channel to Brittany and from there across France to Marseilles, seems to have increased somewhat as a result of his undertaking. But nobody followed in his footsteps. The Carthaginians once again closed the gates of Gibraltar and shut off the Atlantic.

—LIONEL CASSON,
in "The Ancient Mariners",
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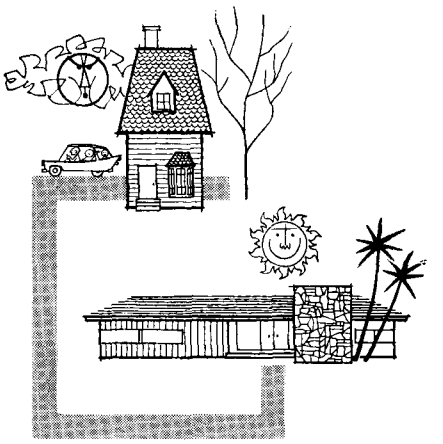
Macmillan, $5.95).



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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXXVIII

EVERYMAN'S SCIENTIST: DR. WARREN WEAVER

Like Lewis Carroll, Whose Whimsicalities He Collects,

This Extraordinary Communicator of Esoterics

Has Never Lost Touch With Ordinary People

ALICE in Wonderland was the first book Warren Weaver ever owned. His mother read it to him before he could read it himself. He has never since escaped the thrall of Lewis Carroll's whimsy. Indeed, he has not tried to escape; he has been a quite willing captive to a form of communication that reaches everybody.

Countless people who would confess confusion at mention of the English parson-mathematician, Charles Dodgson, could tell you what Carroll wrote about the perils of the Jabberwock and the difficulty of distinguishing between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Weaver is as well informed about Dodgson as he is about the Walrus and the Carpenter. This rare conjunction of intelligence was inspired by a British bookseller who didn't realize that Dodgson and Carroll were two names of the same man. In one of that dealer's catalogues, Weaver came across one of Dodgson's mathematics books, listed at the bargain price of $2, and snapped it up.

It was a memorable coup for a fellow only twenty-six years old. Weaver reacted as might be expected. He bought a relatively early edition of a book written by the other half of the Dodgson-Carroll personality: *Through the Looking Glass.*

At that time, Weaver already owned, through gradual acquisition, a valuable collection of landmarks of scientific literature—rare editions of the works of Newton, Galileo, Huygens, and the like. Soon after the Dodgson and Carroll purchases, he began selling off his scientific monuments in order to buy Carroll's writings. Today the collection runs from floor to ceiling along a twelve-foot wall of Weaver's home in New Milford, Connecticut. There are more foreign editions of *Alice* in it than in any other place, and Weaver (now 65) ranks among the world's first half-dozen authorities on Carrolliana.

This connoisseur of childhood memorabilia is the warm and friendly being who lives behind the owlish face that will "retire" this summer from behind a vice president's desk at the Rockefeller Foundation and reappear behind a new vice president's desk at the Sloan Foundation. One of the busiest men in all of science, he yet finds time to pass his love of Carroll on to his family. His daughter-in-law (wife of Warren, Jr., a *New York Times* political reporter) has reciprocated by collecting a wide assortment of *Alice* novelties: figures, wallpaper, games, biscuit tins, playing cards, and bric-a-brac for the Connecticut shelves.

Weaver, Sr., rates Dodgson low as a mathematician. Even at maturity Dodgson was capable of muffing simple algebraic problems. He viewed mathematics largely as a game, and one of his most curious works, *Pillow Problems*, consists of problems he worked out to while away insomnia.

There is something of poetry in all this. For Warren Weaver is himself a mathematician who is not likely to be remembered by posterity for his mathematics. He made original contributions to math but removed himself from it after many years of teaching at Throop College (now the California Institute of Technology) and at the University of Wisconsin (including four years as head of the math department) because, he decided, he lacked the creative spark essential to a first-rank mathematician. Thus, he approximates his own estimate of Dodgson. But he is at the same time very much like Carroll in his ability to communicate to all sorts of people his ideas about the exceedingly strange things of everyday.

Until the popular explosion about nuclear poisoning of the atmosphere, the best known application of Weaver's gift of communication had to do with the theory of how we communicate. Claude Shannon, Nobel Prize-winning physicist from Bell Laboratories, discovered and developed the theory. Chester I. Barnard, then president of the Rockefeller Foundation and hence Weaver's boss, was interested because for many years he headed the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company. At lunch one day Barnard remarked that he couldn't make head or tail of Shannon's highly mathematical papers. Could anyone without a mathematical background, he asked Weaver, grasp this supposedly epochal development?

The most abstruse scientific notion could be understood by any person of average intelligence who was willing to devote time and study to it, Weaver replied. "Very well, then," Barnard said, "do it."

The result was a book, *The Mathematical Theory of Communication,* which Shannon and Weaver wrote together in 1949. Traveling the world in dozens of translations, that volume is still the principal instrument for spreading the theory not only among physicists, engineers, and mathematicians, but among biologists, psychologists, and others.

Weaver is a zealous missionary for communication theory. "It could," he speculates, "lead to the application of probability theory to semantic studies and perhaps, for the first time, to a real theory of meaning."

This thesis led Weaver to propose the use of high-speed computers for translation from one language to another. He tried unsuccessfully in 1947 to interest Professor Norbert Weiner. In 1949, he drafted a memo to the trustees of the Foundation that was circulated widely among scientists in the hope that it would stimulate someone with the techniques, knowledge, and imagination to do something about it. Russian and American scientists are doing a great deal about it today—in a desperate struggle to keep up with each other.

The effort toward faster translation is, in the main, concerned with the flow of information within science. In Weaver's view, this more pernicious gap in communication lies between science and the citizen who today underwrites so much of the cost of scientific research:

"Overawed by electronic computers and atom bombs, appreciative of all the material comforts science has made possible, humbly thankful for the skill and tools of the modern doctor, confused by strange symbols and formidable looking apparatus, the average citizen . . . tends to fear science, when he should be learning about it."

Believing that scientists themselves are partly to blame, Weaver led a

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—*Wide World.*

Dr. Warren Weaver.

ten-year battle within the American Association for the Advancement of Science to make the AAAS the link of understanding it originally pledged itself to be between science and the public.

A soft-mannered man, whose slightly rounding figure defies remembrance that in World War I the Navy rejected him as underweight, Weaver dislikes violence and strife. But because of a conviction that too many crucial issues are settled by default of interested parties, his portion of controversy in the course of communicating has been generous. He has chided the State Department for making "international laughing stock" of the United States by restricting the travel here of Soviet scientists while permitting visits by Communist cartoonists and athletes. When Dr. Edward U. Condon lost his job as chief of the U.S. Bureau of Standards for political non-conformity, Weaver introduced him publicly as a victim of "a sickness in our country." On another occasion, Weaver gave voice to the silent thought of most of the scientific community about the Atomic Energy Commission when he asked a Congressman: "How long will it serve the common good for us to have a monster government agency in the atomic energy field, which spends billions of dollars inside a protective wall of secrecy, sometimes treating the public as though we were all small children, too young to know or face the facts?"

As time recedes, Weaver's major act of communication may very well turn out to be his chairmanship of the genetics panel for the National Academy of Sciences report on biological effects of atomic radiation. When the findings of this study were being prepared for presentation in June 1956, American geneticists were split into two embattled camps. One camp objected to further man-made radiation—even in bomb tests presumably necessary for survival under military attack—as criminally damaging to living and future generations. The other camp felt that survival itself was a moral obligation to be weighed along with the question of how much survivors would be hurt. The difference in opinion had stretched somewhat beyond scientific objectivity, and the panel needed an uncommitted party. Not being a geneticist, Weaver could be neutral without losing the perspective provided by his mathematics background. His masterly statement of the situation in terms of relative risks amounted to a challenge to democratic government to decide which risk was worth its cost to society.

The most spectacular wonders that Weaver has lived through in scienceland were not there when he came into the place. But the land was wondrous even so. He was then only seven years old, the second son of the druggist in the farm town of Reedsburg, Wisconsin. His father, returning from the annual toy-buying trip to Chicago in readiness for the Christmas trade, brought young Warren a one-dollar Ajax motor, powered by a single dry battery cell. Soon the boy was ransacking the house of thread spools to build windmills.

"I didn't know whether such activity was called science or engineering or what," he remembers, "but I decided then that whatever this was, I wanted it."

WHEN Warren was ten, the family moved to the university city of Madison. A bright, introspective, unathletic boy, he made himself known among high school chums as the kid who built radio sets and tapped messages on them to the school's physics teacher a block away. But nothing in the messages could remotely rival the beauty he found in Virgil.

Weaver acknowledges intellectual debt to two college teachers, mathematics professor Charles Sumner Slichter (father of the Harvard economist) and Max Mason, a theoretical physicist who later became president of the University of Chicago. It was Mason who lured him from his first regular teaching assignment at Throop (where he taught among such giants as Robert A. Millikan and Harry Bateman) to the University of Wisconsin and on to the Rockefeller Foundation. By then Weaver was convinced that the great century of the physical sciences had begun about 1875. He told Rockefeller trustees that a foundation, which sought to put its resources where they would do not just good but the most good, need not worry specially about the physical sciences. But, he recalls, "the more I talked about the real wave of the future being with the biological sciences, the more stubborn they were about a mathematician accepting the job."

Under Weaver's direction, the Foundation has helped finance the application of many experimental procedures and techniques of theoretical analysis from chemistry, physics, and mathematics to the biological sciences. Among his few excursions into the physical sciences was a $6 million grant to complete the 200-inch Mt. Palomar telescope and funds for the then giant, now puny, 184-inch cyclotron of the late E. O. Lawrence at the University of California. Weaver was also instrumental in developing the Foundation's agricultural program, which now supports research in Latin America, Asia, and the Near East. He considers this last work crucial, even by Sputnik era standards of science.

"When you sit down at the table tonight," he suggests, "ask your wife and children to crowd over and make room, for there will be about 35,000 more persons at the world's dinner table tonight than there were this morning for breakfast."

As a member of the directing board of the National Science Foundation, Weaver argues against centralized direction of research. He favors stronger support of the social and behavioral sciences, to whose development he has personally contributed through operations research work which the Medal of Merit citation awarded to him says, "revolutionized anti-aircraft fire control" during the Nazi blitz of London.

That Weaver finds no conflict between science and religion is already known to readers of the *Saturday Review*. He has held every lay office in the Scarsdale Congregational Church. Scarsdale is convenient both to the family apartment in Hartsdale and their ten-acre home in Connecticut, overlooking the Housatonic where neighbors include Frederic and Florence Eldridge March, Henry Wallace, Malcolm Cowley, and Stuart Chase.

Weaver gardens, builds transistor circuits and radios in his home workshop, listens to music he once played on violin and cello, goes early to bed and wakes early, sometimes finishing breakfast by 6 a.m. When his morning train ride to Grand Central Station is not fully occupied in reading or writing, he is engaged in "other work," i.e. thinking.

Like Lewis Carroll, he thinks often of young people. One of his favored guides for his three grandchildren are handsome gift editions of *Alice in Wonderland*. —RICHARD MAGAT.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Nat'l. Bureau of Standards.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Toward new, tailor-made substances for the environment of tomorrow's man. Here the scientist needs the understanding of the taxpayer as to what constitutes real economy. Future millions can be saved through the spending of thousands now for modernization of one of the most important but neglected tools of the researcher: the critical tables of materials' standards. The critical tables are in turn dependent on availability of pure substances, which the National Bureau of Standards is beginning to assemble in a new type of bank. Frontier institutions like this one are vital to all of science and hence to the people as well. Here the horizon is bounded by the Associate Director for Planning of NBS, a member of the new materials committee of the Federal Council for Science and Technology.

By IRL C. SCHOONOVER
(National Bureau of Standards)

ALMOST four decades ago, in June of 1919, the International Union of Pure and Applied Chemistry approved a project to compile international critical tables of numerical data of chemistry. Responsibility for publication was assigned to the National Academy of Sciences. With the cooperation of the American Chemical Society and the American Physical Society, and with the support of many industrial organizations, foundations, and individuals, the preparation of text began. During the years 1926 to 1930, seven volumes with a total of approximately 3,500 pages appeared, a separate index volume following several years later. It was a massive undertaking, probably the largest such compilation in scientific history. A great deal of credit for its completion must go to the dedicated editorship of Dr. Edward W. Washburn. Even to this day, these eight volumes are among the most used in scientific literature.

Outside of science, it seems safe to say that very few bibliophiles have ever picked one of these important books from a library shelf. Certainly the Book-of-the-Month Club has never offered the series as an introductory premium for new subscribers. In truth, how many non-scientist readers of these lines even know what critical tables are, much less understand why anyone should have spent four years putting them into type?

The real crux of America's present-day dilemma in the world of science is one of organizing what we know. The problem is that the tables of critical data are now grossly inadequate. Remember, they're more than a quarter of a century old. Since their publication, new ideas, new fields, new techniques, and new requirements have come into the world of science and technology. Bringing these tables up to date and adding all that has been learned since 1930 is one of the most important jobs facing organized science. It is one of the best and most economical ways of using the dollars devoted to scientific research.

Why is it best to use the science dollar in this way? Because it can help us to avoid crash programs and duplication of effort. Because the cost of compiling these basic data is relatively cheap when compared to the expense of big trial-and-error field tests. Some of today's important test programs could have been considerably advanced and lots of money saved if we had invested more earlier in the collection of authoritative data.

Critical tables are vital to the life of research, no matter how undramatic they may seem. They are to scientists what the alphabet is to craftsmen of language. Experimenters employ the data in critical tables—indices of strength, pliability, melting point, electrical conductivity, magnetic quality, and so on—to achieve dependable effects with given materials when these are fabricated into rockets for the outer sky or vehicles for the deep sea or delicate instruments for exploration of the human body.

However large an editorial job the original critical tables may have seemed three decades ago, the present need is a hundred times greater. Science and engineering have subsequently become major components of our national life. There are major new realms of science and technology for which data could not have even been anticipated when these books were put together. The job of making available all the new data in a reliable and efficient way must be shared by experimental scientists who are working on the properties of materials. There has recently been brought into existence a new Office of Critical Tables within the National Research Council. It is under the able direction of Dr. Guy Waddington. It will not seek a mere revision of the old tables. It will stimulate and coordinate continuing compilation and develop uniform editorial standards of quality and usefulness. This massive undertaking will be shared by more than twenty major scientific laboratories. In joining forces with the Office of Critical Tables, these labs will help us get quicker into tomorrow's technology.

THE most important element in the making of critical tables is the scientific expert, operating within a well-defined and bounded domain. He is the source of raw data. We must find ways to enhance his productivity. One way is to provide him with pure materials which he can study. The National Bureau of Standards is accordingly placing increasing emphasis on problems of purification and characterization of materials. We propose to develop, grow, or purchase the purest single crystals no matter where in the world they are prepared. We will have pure aluminum, pure zinc, pure copper, and pure refractory metals: tantalum, zirconium, chromium, molybdenum. These crystals will be made available on loan to research laboratories to increase the effectiveness of materials research throughout the country. Having thus approached as closely as we can the ideal purity, having studied a substance in its purest form, and having characterized its properties, we may then begin to understand how these substances are altered by the addition of minor impurities in highly precise amounts or by a change in the atomic lattice. What mechanism is it, for example, that produces the profound effect one boron atom does produce in 20,000 atoms of iron? In answering such questions we will develop new basic knowledge of the structure and character of matter. When we arrive at that point, we will be on a new frontier where we will be able to design materials with prescribed properties for prescribed purposes.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1310

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

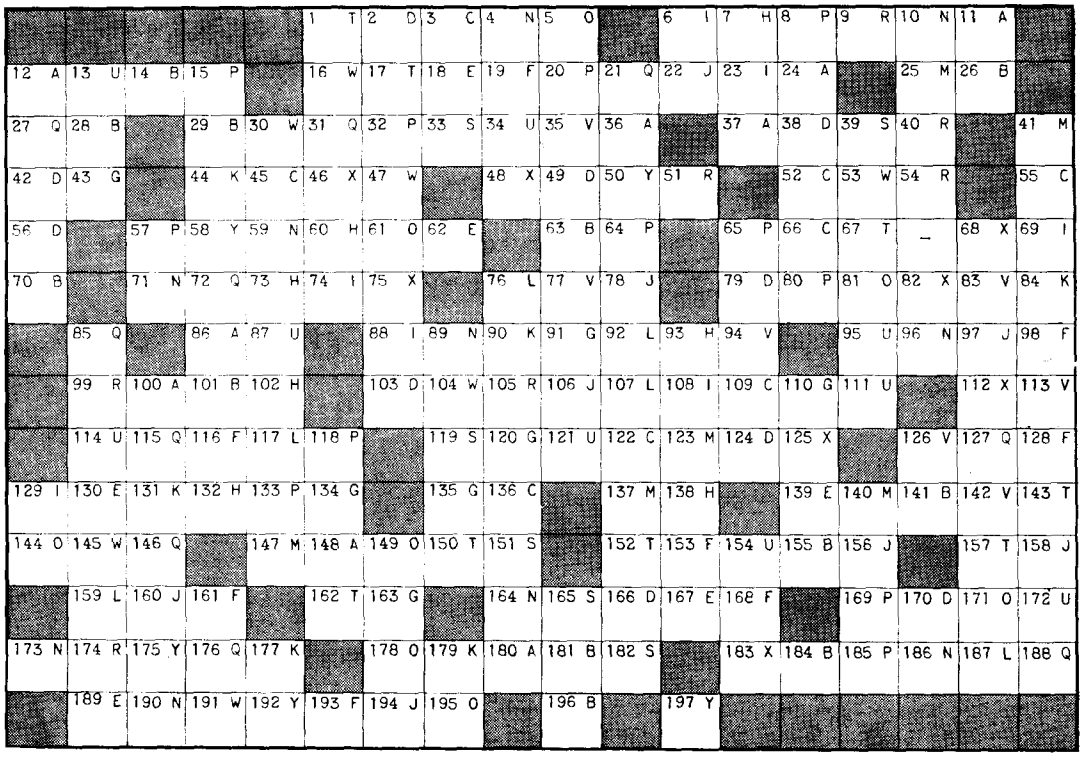
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. German musical theorist, composer, teacher, writer, prof. at Leipzig more than thirty years (1831-1902).	37 100 36 86 24 11 180 148 12
B. Destructive activity of a person invested with great —esp. unlimited—authority (3 wds.).	155 196 181 101 14 63 70 141 26 184 28 29
C. Nickname for the highest benches of the National Convention during the French Revolution (after The).	3 52 45 136 55 66 109 122
D. Pleasing in sound.	170 38 79 49 42 166 103 56 2 124
E. Tribal worker of magic; medicine man.	62 189 167 18 139 130
F. To postpone, esp. something evil.	98 153 116 193 168 161 128 19
G. Specifying those who were "against" our Lord (2 wds.; quoted twice in the Gospels).	134 110 91 43 135 163 120
H. Outstanding.	7 73 132 93 60 138 102
I. Certain appendages adapted by nature for swimming.	88 23 6 69 74 129 108
J. Toothless marine fish, by far the most abundant along N Atlantic coasts.	22 106 158 160 97 78 194 156
K. Circuits, esp. surrounding a house, castle, etc.	177 44 179 90 131 84
L. Specifying qualities and characteristics inborn and inherent.	107 76 159 92 187 117
M. Abundance.	147 123 137 140 25 41

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Followed by Word O, the substance of Word P to the physiologist (2 wds.).	59 96 4 89 71 186 190 173 10 164
O. See Word N (2 wds.).	178 171 195 144 61 81 149 5
P. See Word N (3 wds.).	20 118 8 169 133 15 57 65 80 32 64 185
Q. Matchless.	72 127 85 31 21 146 115 27 176 188
R. Age of Julia Ward Howe when she was "far more cheerful and hopeful" than at forty, acc'g O. W. Holmes.	174 54 105 99 9 40 51
S. Slang for to pilfer, or to betray.	39 33 165 182 119 151
T. Poetic foot formed by a trochee followed by an iambus.	150 1 17 67 157 143 162 152
U. Menacing; about to happen.	172 87 114 13 95 34 121 111 154
V. French commune under the Condé family, where Rousseau lived in the hermitage for a year.	35 113 94 142 126 83 77
W. Slang for a "gal reporter" (2 wds.; not in Webster).	191 30 53 16 47 145 104
X. Word from the French for young women of loose morals; cabhorses; covered casseroles.	82 112 46 68 48 183 125 75
Y. In chemistry, a substance separated from material in which it already existed.	50 192 175 197 58

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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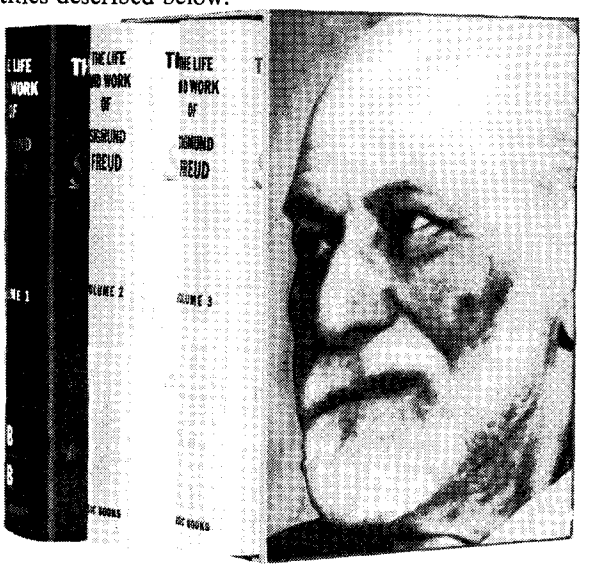

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